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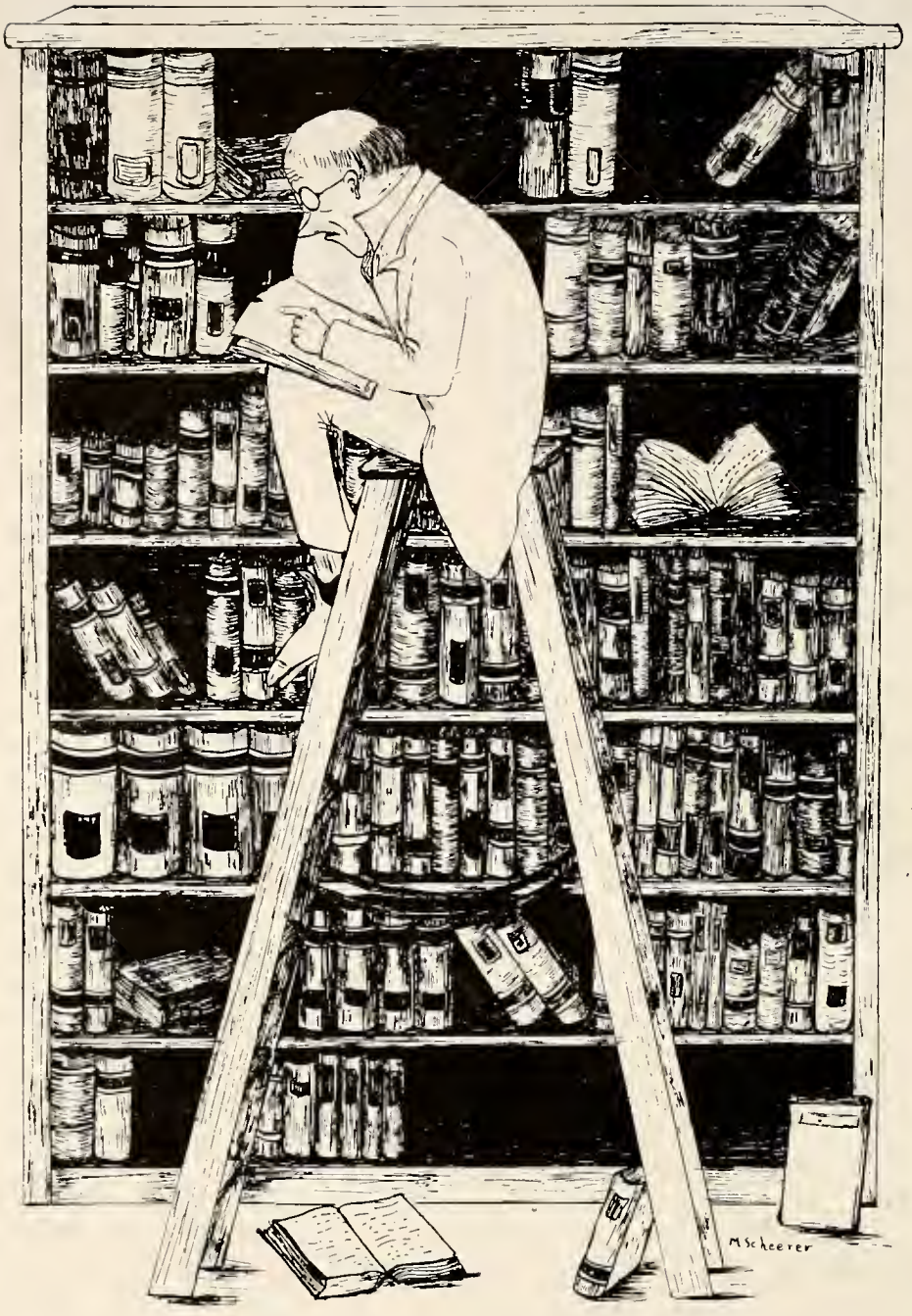


LITERARY

Cora D. Altman
English
"The Bible says—".

Richard Ashman
Science
"To the assembly—please".

Carrie H. Templeton
Mathematics
"Oh don't get excited".

E. Mae Hanna
Latin
"Next day we will have—".

Floy E. Caley
English and German
"Watch out please".

J. L. Swihart
Music
"Please don't chew your music".

Lillian Franklin
German
"Keep to the right".

Elmer E. Tyner
General Assistant
"Please don't misunderstand me".

Alice Jean Gray
Art
"Let's all get quiet".

Mary E. Grayston
Domestic Science
"I just can't look cross".

Muriel Summers
Domestic Art
"We girls and basket-ball".

W. A. Shock
Manual Art
"Now listen he.e boys".

Fred C. Mahoney
Manual Training
"Now cut that there out".

SENIORS

The Class of 1916

MOTTO: *Esse quo este videris.* (*Be as you seem to be*)
COLORS: *Yellow and Black*
FLOWER: *Yellow Rose*

President

EDWIN LUCAS

Edwin Thomas Lucas.
Pres. Senior Class. H. H. S
A. A. Yell Leader. H. S. Play.
"Ed" or "Luke" is one of the best type of the all round H. S. student He is filled with class spirit and lets it be known by the way he yells when he leads a yell meeting or is at a basket ball game. As president of our class he has won our admiration and respect. During his H. S. life he has been more or less interested in railroad work and now intends to take a special course in college along that line. "Ed" could make a success on the stage though if he could act as well as he acted the part of "Tom Horton" in our play

Vice-President

SENN RUSE

Senn Dorson Ruse.
Vice President H. H. S. A. A.
Acropolis Staff. H. S. Play.
"Rooster" is one of the most popular,, best liked boys in school and is a loyal supporter in all school activities. His work in the Senior play as "Jordan" was done to perfection We do wish we could persuade Senn to join the anti-cigarette league. He intends to become an efficiency engineer and we are sure he will succeed because he in some way just seems fitted for this sort of work.

Secretary

ETHELWYN BEAL

Ethelwyn Hefner Beal.
Orchestra '12, '13. Secretary
Class of '16.
"Bealix" is one of the social leaders of the class and delights in dances, parties and frivolities of that sort. Everyone knows her by her quick nervous actions and her readiness to express her opinion. She really gives some answers in 4-1 English that are masterpieces. As "Polly" in H. S. play she scored a distinct success and made us terribly proud of her. Not the least of Ethelwyn's attainments is her ability to play the trombone and piano and as she tells us she intends to teach music and are our best wishes go with her in this undertaking.

Chester Arthur Ackley.

Orchestra.

Known as the boy with the smile. Chester is somewhat bashful but let me tell you he's a mighty good student Why he wouldn't be graduating with the '16 class if he hadn't caught up with us by working so hard. You'd never think he was a senior by his size, but he is. He has not decided what he will do after he finishes high school but we hope he will not forget his violin for he has shown marked ability in playing that instrument.

Emery McCabe Aldridge.

Boys' Glee Club. Chorus.

More commonly known as "Agnes". In fact you scarcely hear him called Emery by anyone but the faculty. He came to us from Pippus H. S. About the best natured boy in the class who has a record for having his name in the "Acropolis". His habit of eternally looking upward has brought upon him the name of "stargazer". "Is he good looking" did you say? Well look at his picture and judge for yourself.

Ethel May Anderson

The quietest little girl in class and one with the sweetest disposition. Ethel is very unassuming but always does her duty. Those who know her best love her for the fact that she is always ready to lend a helping hand. She is very conscientious about her lessons and can usually be seen poring over a book. She tells us that she intends to continue her studies in the business university and we hope that there they will appreciate her as much as we have, when they learn to know her.

Majorette Jane Anderson.

President Class '12. President Sunshine Society, H. S. Play '16 H. H. S. A. A.

One of the most popular girls in the class and one of whom we are very proud because of her decided musical ability. Noted for her "classy" appearance. The way she adapted herself to the part of "June" in the class play captivated the audience and added several more to her long list of admirers. Jane always came in school just about a minute and a half before the last bell, hung up her coat, jabbed her hat on a hook and flitted to her seat, when she turned and smiled at her friends just as the bell rang. In the furtherance of her course in music we wish Jane every success and know that she is fully capable of making a brilliant career for herself.

Frank Leslie Brock.

That little boy standing over there? Why mercy no! That's not a freshman, that is a worthy senior. He never makes much noise but he is a regular "shark" in physics. By the way he has good lessons in all his studies. Leslie never was known to get "fired." He is going to take up electrical engineering he informs us and we hope he will make as high a mark among men as he has among his own class fellows.

Orson James Broughton.

H. H. S. A. A.

Oh, I think he is good looking, don't you? This from the girls. We never can tell whether Orson likes it or not. He is a genial friend to all of us, has an admirable disposition and can take a joke with the utmost good nature. His worst difficulty this term seems to be getting English lessons but he always has an answer ready nevertheless. Great at attending class meetings and parties. He has not made known his future occupation but whatever it is may he master it well.

Vienna Marie Brown.

Orchestra '13, '14, '15, '16. Chorus '13, 14. Special Voice '14. Moduluus Staff, H. H. S. A. A.

"V. Marie" as she is dubbed ean usually he seen hurrying up or down the street with her violin under her arm Without her this Modulus would never have been a success for as an assistant editor she worked at it untiringly. Her hobby is English and she declares she wishes to teach this in our new High School. She leaves us to take up English and violin work and we feel confident that she will succeed because of her first name.

Mabel Lela Brumbaugh.

H. H. S. A. A.

When Mabel was a freshman she established a good reputation with the teaeners and has kept it ever since. You are surprised when you look at her shining, black hair to see that she has blue eyes which challenge you for a friendly greeting. She never says much but "stillest waters flow the deepest." For a while we feared Mabel would not get to graduate with us on account of her ill-health but now she is back in school and will finish. In her chosen profession as a teacher we are sure she will do it full credit.

Hazel Mae Bussard.

One of our rural maidens who is brave enough to drive to school every morning thru all sorts of weather to get an education. Hazel is very quiet and can usually be seen with Riva or Zoe. We will always remember her dignity and quietness; two qualities so rare among seniors of the present day and age As she has not revealed to any of us what she will take up as a life work we will leave you guessing.

Lessel Lloyd Buzzard.

H. S. Quartette, Boys' Glee Club, Chorus, H. S. Play.

Aside from being an aspirant to a career similar to Caruso, "Red" has other ambitions. He is going to become an expert agriculturist he informs us and we feel that he is competent for he has had a great deal of practical experience along this line of work. He made an ideal "Dean Smiley" in "On the Campus."

Grace D. Carr.

Debating Society, Assistant English Work.

Grace is an all round girl who has a decided knack for sticking to whatever she starts until she has it conquered. She loves to talk and sometimes her laugh can be heard a considerable distance. She does not believe in wasting a minute of her time for even now she is assisting Miss Tueker with English work. When Grace really becomes a full fledged teacher we hope she will be near Huntington for such good natured persons are not easy to find.

Donald Clinton Cline.

Foot Ball '12, Track Team, '13, '14, '15, '16. Basket Ball '15, '16. Orchestra '13, '15. Vice President Class '12

"Dinny" as he is commonly called by his friends holds up the standard of the school in athletics, for in track work he can be counted on as a sure point winner. Has done splendid work on the basket ball team this season, too. He expects to take a special college course and will no doubt, make a mark there as an athlete and as a very good-humored individual. Has the honor of being the only one of class '16 that was on the football team. Made the team when only a freshman.

Lowell J. Collins.

H. H. S. A. A.

We don't any of us believe that "Dunk" ever gets angry because he is always smiling. Tho' he is small in stature he is a hustler. In the class play as "Charley Padget", reporter on the "Daily Shriek" he showed this characteristic admirably and made a "hit" all his own. He declares he is going to become a dentist and we certainly wish him success in this. We hope, however, that he will be able to extract teeth painlessly. Do this Lowell, and all your old classmates of H. H. S. will patronize you.

Hazel Cathryn Commons.

Hazel hails from Zanesville. She came to us about two years ago. Liked by everyone who knows her. Although she is rather quiet when in a bunch of girls she can be decidedly the opposite when she chooses. She makes a good jolly class mate As she is earnest and sincere in her work we are sure she will make a success of teaching as that is the profession which above all others she desires to follow.

Arthur John Cook.

Chorus, Glee Club, Orchestra, H. H. S. A. A.

A quiet, reserved boy, who shines in his classes. "Art" is one of those remarkable students who has managed to get thru High School in three and one-half years. He is uncertain as to what profession he will take up, but all our wishes for a profitable future go with him.

Asa Walter Kreigbaum.

B. B. Team '16. Financial Business Manager-Modulus.

Asa, has always been the star of his class, getting the best grades without the use of "ponies". He is a born student, anyone would tell you that. Many times a situation trying alike to teachers and pupils has arisen "when along came Asa" and the difficulty would vanish before his ready answer. As a manager of finance he has made our annual a success in this direction In basketball this season as a guard, he made a reputation for "sticking to his man"

Shaler Edwinfield Lahr.

Debating Society. Track Team '15

"Goat" as we all know him first came to us as a bashful country boy, but now has become so sophiscated to city life that he is often mistaken for a gentleman from New York or Chicago. Shaler has always been a hard working, patient good humored individual who doesn't shine so much in school. However when it comes to tilling the soil he is right there. As a teacher his traits of character will help him to a great extent.

Lenore Lois Louise Leonard

Lenore, our little Irish girl, demure, coy, and gentle voiced. During her career in H. H. S. Lenore's highest ambition has been to make the teacher understand her recitations. To know her is to love her and it will certainly leave a yawning gap when we have to lose her at the end of the year. Ever has she been a true friend to all. As a kindergarten teacher she will make the little tots love her as much as we have all learned to.

Elma Anna Rose Lininger.

Debating Club, H. S. Play
Editor-in-Chief Acropolis.

"And still the wonder grew how one small head could carry all she knew." We all like to think of her as "Suzie" of the class play where she displayed excellent talent. Elma has a passion for writing poetry and many a time has she donated poems to us for various uses. In the few weeks that she has edited our class paper she has shown that she could make it a distinct success. Elma is a girl of many talents and not the least of these is her ability to give readings, humerous or tragic.

Mildred Marie Marker.

Modulus Staff. Acropolis Staff.
Senior Social Com H. H. S. A. A.

Mildred is one of the jolliest and most companionable girls in the class. Her work has been of a high grade thruout the course. The Seniors all declare that they never had a better time than they did at her home when she entertained them at one of our parties. It is a delight to hear and watch Mildred play her traps. She declares she wishes to become a designer of clothes and from the success she has always had with her own, we know that his occupation will bring her more than the desired ends.

Opal Mae Custard.

This unassuming young maiden has surely done her duty in H. S. Every morning she slips quietly into her seat, her arms full of books. One of the few girls in the class whose hair is wavy which causes her to be envied. Opal has distinguished herself by never getting into trouble and if she keeps this record when she takes up a business course she will always retain the sincere respect of those around her.

Marion Edgar Deeds.

Chorus '15 Class Play '16.

We never knew "Deedsie" was so good looking until he appeared before us on the stage in his part as "Hicks." Of course he was "made up" some, hence the change. He made a mighty fine Hicks and played his part to perfection. Can create a disturbance in class now and then if he feels in the right mood. Nevertheless Marion is a jolly good fellow and we are sorry that we can't see more of him. He intends to take up Dramatic Art, but he surely would make a sucess selling "Braino" if he would but apply his brains (?) to that.

Artista Beryl Diffendorfer.

A pretty curly haired girl whom we are not very well acquainted with because of the fact that her home is in Zanesville and she spends her weekends there. She always seems mighty friendly and has a winning smile for everyone. Her ambition is to teach music and we wish her a happy future and assure her that we hate to lose her.

Erma Lereitta Ditzler.

H. H. S. A. A. Sunshine Society. Sec., Senior Social Committee H. S. Play.

Plenty of laughter and sunny disposition mixed with a will and desire to do things, make a fine combination, and that's just the kind of a combination there is in Erma. She made a mighty pretty chorus girl in the class play. She thinks she would like to teach but I doubt if she will ever get still enough. There is a rumor afloat that she is called "Squirm" at home. She has a passion for learning verses and can always be heard quoting poetry that fits any occasion that arises.

Virginia Mae Dowler.

Girls' Glee Club, Chorus, Girls' Gym. H. S. Play.

Did you ever hear a girl around school talking like a runaway freight train? Well that's "Virgie". For a long time she came to school from the country but now she lives in town. Virginia always succeeds in having a good time wherever she is and also helping those around her to do the same. She has a wonderful determination. Just now, she has determined to teach school in the future, and where there's a will there's a way.

Myrle May McNabb.

That black eyed girl who slips around so quietly and has such a long list of friends is Myrle McNabb. One of our best liked school mates. She is especially attractive when wearing red, and has distinguished herself by never getting into trouble. If you hear anyone saying "Oh yes don't you know" you may make a safe bet that Myrle is near. As a teacher her characteristic dignity and quietness will aid much toward a successful career.

Clara Ruth Miller.

Chorus '13, 14.

Clara is silent as to her future occupation—she may be intending to become a movie actress for all we know. If you hear anybody say "Oh girls, just look at my hair" you may rest assured that Clara is hovering near a big looking glass gazing at her reflection in a distracted sort of way. Clara is a good talker and a frequenter of the "movies." Everybody likes Clara. You just can't help it, she is so good natured and when we bid good bye to her it will be with heavy hearts.

Edith Mae Minton.

Edith is a quiet sort of a girl and one of the nicest in school With her sweet temper and smiling face she has won a warm spot in the hearts of us all. She is not so strong on talking but she thinks a lot, and has added much as a good student to the school. Her tendency to combine work and play ought to make her successful when she enters a business college as she has made the fact known that she wishes to continue her work there.

Ray Vincent Murray.

Debating Club. Acropolis Staff.

"Preach" is one of the most humorous characters in the class. He also has done very much work to make our class paper a success. As business manager during the entire term he has worked and figured every way imaginable to make both ends meet. Is the possessor of the silliest grin which he showed admirably in his part of "On The Campus" where he impersonated "Bastian Briggs the Dig." He intends to take up farming in Mississippi, so success to you Ray when you get out in the wide wide world.

Hazel Evelyne Otis.

Girls Glee Club. Chorus.

Hazel is an all-round girl and a fine student. Her English recitations alone would give her a fine position in our class. She don't study all the time, no indeed. Why, she can conquer a lesson in a few minutes and then enjoy herself. She expects to be a teacher and we are quite sure she will do full credit to the pprofession.

Marjorie May Elvin.

We all know that Marjorie likes to have a good time but she never lets it interfere with her work. She can nearly always be found at our class meetings and parties and is always ready to do anyone a favor. She always has a lot of suggestions to offer to anybody in need of them. When we lose Marjorie we lose a true friend.

Dorothy Wilderson Ewing.

Chorus, Glee Club. Chr. Sunshine

Absent Com. H. H. S. A. A.

The senior with the charming voice. Many a time has she helped us with our little musical programs in room 10 and we are ever ready to listen to her again. Dorothy is a true friend to the whole class and we will never forget the good times we have had at her home where she proved to be a charming hostess. We hope that after we graduate we will not lose sight of her as she takes up her work in music and Domestic Science.

Margaret Helen Ewing.

Chorus, Art.

"This pensive nun, devout and pure, sober, steadfast and demure" is a mighty attractive little maiden. It is just her picture that gives her this expression but she is in reality full of fun, every now and then becoming affected with the "giggles". She is an excellent artist and expects to further her course in this where we know she will win fame.

Berniece Esther Fleck.

Chorus '14, '15, '16 H. H. S. A. A.

Take a second look A friendly face you say? Right you are. Berniece is one of the best girls in the class and when you become acquainted with her you will realize the worth behind her smiling countenance. She has not decided what she will do but all the class earnestly wish her a happy future in whatever she undertakes.

Allan Kenneth Frost.

Vice Pres. Class '13. Track Team '13, '14, '15 Modulus Staff. Social Com. Acropolis Staff. H. S. Play. Art. H. H. S. A. A

We all admire tall people. "Doc" is our tallest classmate. One of the most popular and best liked fellows in the class. He made one of the biggest hits in the class play in the character "Percy", and his song "I'm a Nut" brought down the house. In school he is a man of consequence for he is the Editor-in-chief of this book. He thinks now that he would like to take up drafting and as he has shown marked ability along this line he will make a success of it, we're sure.

Donald Pens.

Orchestra H. H. S. Play.

We all believe "Pig" can bluff more than anyone in school. He has got it down to a science. He would rather be running his little "Lizzie" than studying. We will never forget the royal way in which we were entertained in his home on his birthday anniversary as long as we live. Neither will we forget how well he acted the part of the lazy man in "On the Campus." He has picked electrical engineering for his future occupation and may he enjoy the greatest success.

Ida Wolf Plasterer.

Art.

The incessant stream of people passed slowly thru the long picture gallery. Today it was to be decided whose picture was to take the medal. "Surely this one will" everyone said as they paused and gazed at it in admiration. "Yes" said I to my companion "that is Ida Plasterer's. You remember her don't you? She was one of the class of '16." That is what we predict will happen, for Ida tells us that she is going to continue her splendid art work.

Dora Ethel Priddy.

Chorus.

"Dot" when she entered H. S. was a fascinating little girl but now she is the most charming of our graduating class and has won the admiration of all. She intends to take up music and art and we are sure she will succeed for it is rumored that she is quite efficient along these lines. From "Dot's" smiling face we judge that she is a charter member of the sunshine club. No wonder she is always welcome wherever she goes.

Gerald Raver

"Perk" has made himself famous by always getting along nicely with the faculty. He is looked on by the school as a "good all around fellow" and can usualy be found at the "Y" or at the barber shop where he worked while in school. As he went out with the January class he has already begun work and if he keeps it up bids fair to become a journalist.

Edgar Day Reed.

H. H. S. A. A, H. S Play

"Ed" as he is commonly called among his intimate friends is surely one of those fellows that help to make a good record for a class. Although he is quiet sometimes, he is always in for a good joke and now and then springs one himself "Ed's wavy hair has been the envy of numerous H. H S. fellows and many have even sat up late at night endeavoring to obtain such hair, but in vain. He has an awful habit of incessantly chewing gum. He is going to take a special college course but we all wish he could do some more work on the stage for his part as "Peters" in "On the Campus" was really a good stunt.

Verna Marie Karnes.

Chorus, Senior Social Com.
H. H. S. A. A., H. S. Play

We will always remember Verna as "Claire" in the class play and will also remember her song hit which she so cleverly composed especially for the occasion. Verna has an inexhaustible supply of original expressions and clever sayings. No matter how often she is taken unawares she always has a witty answer in return. Verna has made a fine record in her work at high school and it is hoped that she will make an equally good one when she takes up a normal music course.

Lucy Romaine Kessler.

Lucy has distinguished herself by never getting into trouble. She comes to us every morning from the country. She seldom fails to recite when called upon and if she does seems to be much embarrassed over it. There is air of dignity about her that is not possessed by many of the students. She is going to take a special business course and from all indications she will make an ideal business woman.

Mary Magdalene Kindler.

When it comes to having "E's" on her report card Mary is right there. She is one of those girls who, no matter how much work she carries she brings it all to the highest point of perfection. She is finishing her high school course in three and one-half years and doing it with apparently the greatest ease. If she should fail to recite it would cause a great consternation among her classmates. Mary expects to continue her schooling by taking a special English course and we feel sure that she will make as brilliant a record there as she made with us.

Calvin Martin William Koch.

Editor - in - Chief "Acropolis
Pres. Debating Club, Sec. Treas.
Radio Club. Senior Social Com.
Modulus Staff.

Behold "Rip" the man with the mighty brain, the pid and ready pencil. He is now reporting on the "Huntington Press", and we hear he is doing mighty good work. In H. S. he was always an all-round good scout, ready to lend a helping hand. Could tell more jokes than anyone we know and was very proud of his long hair. He was always flinging this out of his eyes by an impatient toss of his head.

Mary Irene Johnson.

Mary has such a gentle little voice that she has a hard time in making the teacher understand her but she has been persistent in her efforts. She is always ready with a smile for everyone, and never was known to get angry. We all know that as her good humor has assisted her in her high school days, so it will in her college days as she prepares to become a teacher.

Marie Luetta Shinkle.

Orchestra, Vice-Pres. Sunshine Society, H. H. S. play.

That little girl with such an independent air about her? Why that's Marie Shinkel. And when you know her you will certainly like her 'cause she is not as saucy as she looks. She made a mighty pretty chorus girl in the play. She is undecided as to what she will do in the future and I'm sure I can't guess. Can you?

Minta Elizabeth Skinner.

Chorus '12, '14.

Minta is a girl who is always thinking how she can do something for some one. In doing this she forgets her own personal needs but does that only which will comfort the one in need. If you can find anything more admirable in a young girl then this self-forgetfulness while doing good for others I don't know what that trait would be. Our class has always had cause to be proud of Minta's English recitations. They certainly show her love and taste for that work and she leaves us only to continue this in college.

Magdelena Martha Smith.

Chorus, Special Voice, Art, H. H. S. A. A.

Magdelena is one of the demure little maids of the class always ready for a good time, and always smiling. Occasionally the smile gets the better of her and then it fast develops into a bad case of "giggles." She has a fine musical ability, being one of the few that are able to play an Italian harp. As a teacher of music she will meet with the greatest success, we feel confident.

Donovan Herbert Spencer.

Debating Club, H. H. S. A. A. Track Team '15.

Here's "Speenie", our history shark. If anybody wants any information concerning the kings, wars, or government of ancient times they have only to ask Donovan. He would make a fine professor of history but if he wishes to succeed thoroughly in this calling he will have to quit the awful habit of biting his nails. No one tried harder to help win last year's track meet for the H. H. S. than did Donovan

H. Burton Stephan.

Acropolis Staff. H. S. B. B. Team. Chorus '15, '16

"Brainy" is one of the best types of all round H. S. students. He is an athlete, a scholar, a true gentleman, popular among the girls, and full of high school spirit. We all realize how successful our basket ball team has been under his leadership as captain, and appreciate the fact that he has sacrificed many a good time to be in physical condition to win a game for us. We hear that he intends to become a teacher, and we think that he is very wise in his choice.

Lenamay Smith-Harrell.

H. H S. A. A. Modulus Staff
'14, '15, '16.

Lenamay has the honor of being the only married girl in H. S. We were all very much surprised last summer when we read of the wedding in the papers. As her husband is away in school she decided to finish with our class and we're mighty glad to have her. She has been very generous with her time and has done splendid work with the jokes and the snapshots for our annual. As Joe will still be in college next year she tells us she is going to teach until they are ready to begin life in a cosy little cottage just for two.

Ruby Armilda Hier.

Chorus Art

This flaxen-haired girl with the light blue eyes looks as though she were of German birth but she is French. We all enjoy her smiles which she distributes on us quite occasionally. It has made her many friends. She was always industrious and studious and never came up without her lessons. She declared to us that she wished to become a kindergarten teacher but from the rumor that is current we are beginning to doubt this. Ruby is the one who originated the expression "We should ponder over".

John Oliver Hildebrand.

German Club '14. Chorus.
Boys' Glee Club.

John is one of our sturdy farmer boys. He is very fond of having a good time and not any too fond of studying. He has a great liking for tinkering with automobiles also Whether he spends his life at home on the farm or making aeroplanes we hope that he will be successful and always win in the end.

Cyril D. H. Hilyard.

Debating Society, H. S. Play.

Cyril has always been such a quiet, unassuming classmate that we have not become well acquainted with him. We do know that he can give some fine answers in 4-1 English. Whatever he decides to do we are sure he will win because he is a steady fellow. By the way from the manner in which he acted the part of "Walker" in the class play it seems he would make an energetic business man.

Gerald Hurd.

Chorus, H. H. S. A. A.

"Burge" is a fellow with high school spirit. He likes to attend class meetings, parties, yell meetings and in fact everything that requires school spirit. He knows how to take a joke good-naturedly and that is more than can be said of most people. His disposition is most admirable. As he has not decided what his future vocation is to be we would like to tell him that he would make an excellent lawyer.

Mildred Helena Ritenour.

Modulus Staff.

"Millie" is one of our most industrious and studious girls. She is a jolly true friend when one gets acquainted with her but she never has much to say and has never distinguished herself in a scrape with any of the teachers. Can always be seen with Mildred Marker or Ruby Hier with whom she seems to have an excellent time. To teach is her aim, and may her pleasing personalities bring her as much success there as they have in H S.

Donald Bert Russell.

Acropolis Staff, Modulus.

"Ben" is a busy business man. When it comes to talking business he is right there. He delights in using tremendously long words and high sounding phrases. Therefore he was in the height of his glory playing the part of the old professor Adam Biddicut and did it mighty well. No wonder he makes such a capable executive business manager of this annual. He is very decided in his opinions and likes to have his own way whenever possible. He intends to enter Northwestern university next fall.

Mary Julian Scheerer.

Modulus Staff, Art.

Mary is a rare girl, rare for the fact that she tends strictly to her own business. That is an unusual trait in a girl and especially in a senior girl. She never talks much but she studies. If you don't believe this just take a look at her test grades. From what we hear from the Commercial department she shines there and we are informed that she means to make this her future occupation; one in which she will be bound to succeed. If Mary would ever desire to take up basket ball she could star at playing center.

Ruth Schwartz

Chorus.

If you happen to hear anybody around school yell "Gee Girls, come here, I want to tell you something," you may know that "Swartzie" is near. Ever since she graduated in January we have missed her noisiness. Ruth is always energetic and full of life. Even now she is a full-fledged bookkeeper and stenographer working in her father's office.

Effie Mary Settlemyre.

Effie is a quiet conservative maid who never says much and when she does speak it is in a very small voice. We don't believe she was ever known to lose her temper; at least never to lose it when she was in the old H. H. S. She has an abundance of brown hair which she wears braided simply and twisted around her head. To become a stenographer is her highest ambition and we fervently hope that success will follow her in this undertaking.

Edith La Verne Stites.

Edith is our latest acquisition. She has been in Huntington for one short term and in that time has made many friends. We all know that she likes to have a good time, but this has never interfered with her school work. May Edith's friendly disposition carry her thru life as successfully as it has thru H. H. S.

Cleo Mae Stults.

Another one of our rural maidens with whom we are not very well acquainted as she has not been with us long. Cleo is somewhat shy and shrinking which leads us to believe that her favorite flower must be the violet. In her quiet way she has ploughed steadily thru her lessons day by day and whatever she takes up as a life work she is bound to succeed for perserverance always wins in the end.

Effie Fern Tharp.

H. S. Play.

Effie doesn't come to school to study, she comes to school to crochet or at least it looks that way. And it isn't merely an occupation with her it is an art. Effie is always ready to laugh at a joke and always has a witty answer ready. She was quite the "hefty housekeeper" in the play "On the Campus" and her appearance as she bounced across the stage brought many titters from the audience. We all know that Effie's good humor has assisted her in her high school days so it will in the future.

Helen Lucille Triggs.

H. H. S. A. A. Moduluus Staff.

One of the seniors who graduated in January "Triggsie", is a "ready conversationalist", and a frequenter of the movies and even there does not cease her constant habit of talking. There is something about Helen however with all her jokes and laughter that commands your respect as it did when she played "Daisy Armstrong" in the Senior Class play, and adapted herself so well to the part.

Paul Gorman Trixler

"Trixie" the "Fusser" is one of the most popular fellows in school, especially among the girls. That is the greatest reason that he goes to school. Everybody classes him as a jolly good fellow. He comes to us from Indianapolis and we will all be sorry when he leaves us to return at the end of the year, for there is no one in H. S. with whom you can enjoy yourself more. He knows not what he intends to do in the future but here's success to him whatever it may be.

Ruth Idene Vernerder.

Chorus '12, '13, '14, '15.

Say, fellows, who is that good looking girl over there? Why, that's Ruth Vernerder, one of the fairest lassies of the class. That is what the boys think of her and we girls think Ruth one of the sweetest, truest, and most likeable companions of our class. She is silent as to her future occupation but whatever she undertakes we will miss her and hope that she will miss us.

Vona Lucille Wasmuth.

Vona came to us from Roanoke not very long ago and from the minute we learned to know her, we liked her, for she has such a likeable disposition and you just can't help it. She is full of fun and also mighty good looking and, well—just one of the best ever. We are proud to have her graduate with '16 and sincerely hope that we shall not lose sight of her when she takes up her work as a teacher.

Ina Bell Walker.

Ina came into our midst bringing with her a voice that is 'ever soft, gentle, and low', and a personality that immediately won several girl companions to her side. Ina says that she is going to college and then teach schol. We hope she may realize this.

Harold Edward Walknetz.

B. B. Team, Track Team '15

"Red", our Irish friend, has never made much of a noise in our four years of H. H. S. Although he has made temporary enemies of nearly everyone at some time, there is no person who does not consider him a true friend. He has a queer disposition, being somewhat stubborn, and he wants his own way about things, but his determination and perseverance make up for this and he is certain of a bright future. My but he can play basket ball, can't he? What would we have done without him?

Rachel Wilhite

A maiden shrinking and shy, is Rachel. She is especially fond of both mathematics and domestic science. Has always made loads of E's and it would be a big surprise to us if her name did not appear on the honor roll. She has not fully decided what will be her future occupation but we are sure that she is capable of making most any line of work an immense success.

Fred Emerson Winebrenner.

Orchestra, H. H. S. Play,
Track Team '15.

"Fritz" says he has no favorite study and we sympathize with him in his difficulty to make a choice. He was one of the mainstays in practice work for the track team last year but unfortunately he was unable to participate in the meet on account of a serious illness. Just what is his ultimate object in life is yet rather indefinite.

Riva Eravay Best Williams.

Riva is a favorite wherever she goes. From the way in which she talked sometimes you would be led to think that she is a suffragette. She is one of our rural girls who has made many a laugh in class by her quaint remarks. Riva has not decided what work she will take up but—success to her.

Claudie Birdella Witham.

Debating Club, H. H. S. A. A.
H. S. Play.

"Birdie" is one of the jolliest girls in the class. She is the counterpart of "Sunny Jim". To see her fiving thro' the halls sometimes you would think a whirlwind had struck the old H. S. As "Flora Bella" the waitress she added much to the senior play. She has marked ability along this line and should this be her chosen field, she would make a success there.

Zoe Hart.

Zoe left H. H. S. and moved to Ft. Wayne. Now she wants to bring her credits back here and graduate in H. S. Of course we're delighted to have her and wish that she could attend school here too, for she is a jolly good companion.

An old man spoke to a lad who stood
Just at the brink of fair manhood.
The youth was tall and straight and strong
And he whistled a song as he went along.
His brain was quick, his eye was bright
He waited, anxious for the fight.
For he stood at the edge of Life's battlefield,
Bearing a sword and a maiden shield,
Anxious to rush into the fray,
For his hopes were high to win the day
But the old man saw the youth and sighed
As he stood there to watch him ride.
He had seen many as full of life
Step out upon this field of strife.
Ay, he himself had done it too,
When he was young, and all seemed true.
And thus he spoke to the youthful knight,
Madly impatient, eager to fight.
"Are you well equipped? Is your armor strong?
Do you wear next to your heart a song?
Have you padded yourself with Truth so
You can withstand the darts of the worldly foe?
Do you know if your Morals are strapped secure?
Your Metal tested? Your Courage sure?
How near to the top does your humor lie?
Is Wisdom bound near each Reply?
Are you sure you feel no jealousy smart?
And Hatred does not press your heart?
Is your Anger well buckled down?
Have you placed a Smile over a Frown?
Then on your shield these words engrave
To keep you true, to trouble save.
These words which have so oft helped me
Take now "Be as you seem to be".
Now ride, and may your fight be long
Your efforts bent to right the wrong.
And may Success always attend
And Glory crown your journey's end".

—Elma Lininger '16.

JUNIOR

The Junior Class

We're Jolly, Jumping, Juniors
The class of '17
And when it comes to lessons
We certainly are keen.

In Chemistry we all are sharks
In Cicero we shine
We just stand up and read the stuff
Right off, line after line.

When we were Sophs, we always did
Just as we wished to do
Because in nineteen fifteen
Rules were very, very few.

But now we must sit very prim
Keep paper off the floor,
We cannot loaf and gossip
In the rest-room any more.

We have to walk sedately
Up the stairways, single file;
We must not run across the hall
Or Mr. Byers we'll "rile".

But next year when we're Seniors,
We'll have a high-school new,
Then rules will be abolished
And what we choose we'll do.

—Edith Van Antwerp.

JUNIORS

The Prospective Class of 1917

The prospective Senior class of 1917 has arranged itself to make a very good showing which we hope it will keep for its finishing term.

The class as a whole did not, nor has not organized but it acts as a body with a social committee at its head. It has, by the aid of this committee made itself quite lively and has shown itself, as well as others a good time. Hay rack parties, picnics, bobsled parties and other small social functions were eagerly attended, and the class as a class works very well together.

Probably the best work which each individual of the class attempted outside of school work was to help make the Junior picture show given March 1st, a success, which it surely was. The members seemed very eager to help the class in this respect and the result was that the Junior class profited by it. The picture show and amateur vaudeville was given for the sole reason to make some money which will be used for the Junior-Senior reception to be given at the close of the term.

Each Junior is eagerly waiting for this time to come and they hope that each Senior is also, for great plans are being made for it.

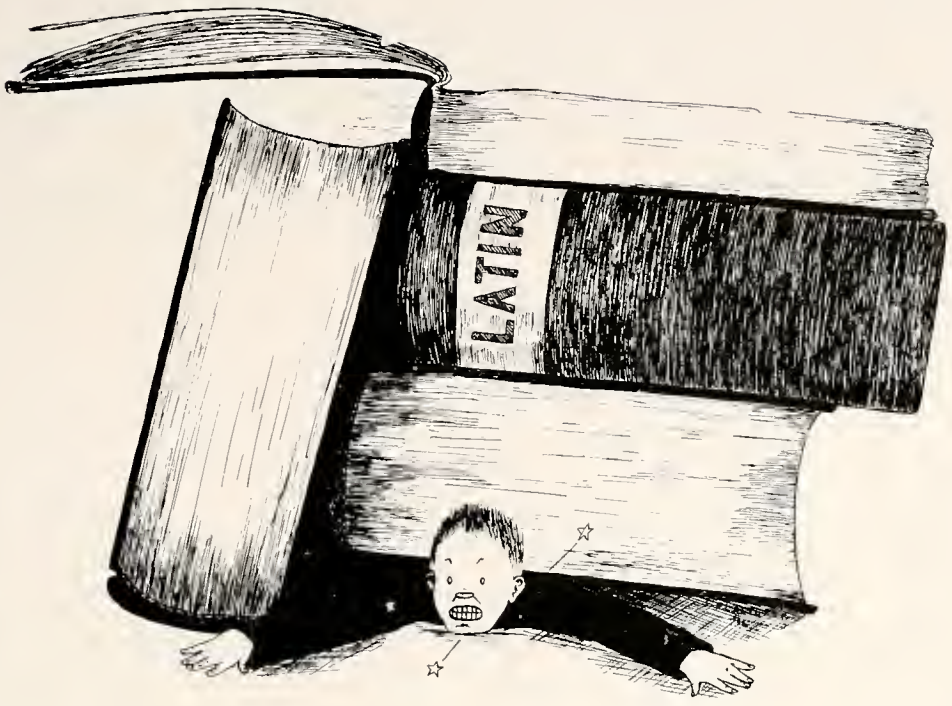
The committee in charge of the social work is headed by Wilton Smith, assisted by Agnes Booth, Marguerite Walter, Helen Rosebrough and Charles Murray.

The members of the class are:

Grace Gsell
Wallace Patterson
Agnes Booth
Paul Griffith
Marion Stonebraker
Charles Murray
Mark Paul
Ferris Creager
Warren Cook
Margaret Klein
Dorothy McClure
Carlos Taylor
Paul Kessler
Walter Raber
James McClanahan
Lester Eberhart
Robert Greenman
Robert Coburn
Merl Kindy
Glenn Tobias
Mildred Sparks
George Miltonberger
Edna Lambert
Marie Draper
Mary Jane Lucas
William Schacht
Helen Rosebrough
Howard Zinn
Ralph Hoover

Helen King
Howard Kacy
Edith Van Antwerp
Enid Colbert
Edwin Horning
Louise Satterthwaite
Almeda Lowman
Lela Heaston
Ellen Payne
Marie Horrel
Laura Weaver
Baltzer Eisenhauer
Helen Tyner
Hazel Emley
Lucile Burgett
Berniece Helm
Earl Heck
Anna Merle Gilkey
Claude Morgan
Louise Hamer
Mildred Clark
Allan Barnhart
Fred Souers
Charles Minton
Robert Grupe
Howard Decker
Georgiana Guethler
Evelyn Bechstein
Edna La Vine

Marvel March
Paul Pfeiffer
Faye Rex
Esther Wheeler
Lynn Wygant
Kendrick Grayston
Mary Halsey
Mary Hartman
Mary Horning
Arline Kirkendall
Maurice Worcester
Lester Webb
Blanche Widner
Ethel Schiever
Richard Coburn
Angeline French
Reid Clark
Mary Wilhite
DeVer Presnall
Wilton Smith
Lucile Scott
Marguerite Walter
Hale Little
Paul Leonhardt
Otto Henry
Opal Hare
Lex Lesh



SOPHOMORE

The Sophomore Class

Sophomore Poem

Yes we've been here
But one short year
Yet how that year has aged us,
And last year seems
Like horrid dreams
That now indeed enrage us.
But we are past
That state at last
And as well as we've begun
We'll work away
Through night and day
'Till Juniors we've become.
Then we will know
Just how to go—
(Ah; now don't let it grieve you)
About the task
Of the Senior class
And in 1918 leave you.

—Elma Lininger, '16.

The Sophomore Class.

The Sophomore class consists of one hundred and ten diligent and studious boys and girls. We are not organized in a body and we have no offices, not even a president, nevertheless we all have the same purpose in view—to become Seniors. My, how we long for those days when we can be the whole thing, but of course we couldn't be any happier than we are now. We are at least a part of this large High School and feel mighty proud of it.

We added a touch to school that would be blank without us. We are original, unlike other classes, in fact everything we do, we do it well and delight in it. Among the members of the class we have some prospective men and women of the future. These different characters are now easily distinguished from others.

Sophomore Parties

October 7, 1915

Between 7:30 and 8: o'clock the crowd began to assemble "Two by two" at the home of Miss Laura Weaver. The event was to be a Sophomore party and it was carried out by the program committee and proved a great success. Games were played during the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Ashman, our chaperons, joined in and played all the games. Mr. Ashman proved himself a "star" at playing 'Wink." Weavers have a large front porch which was not neglected during the evening and it was found to be very cozy. Delicious refreshments were served about, (Guess???).

October 21, 1915

Mr. Wallace Patterson, a member of our class invited a number of the Sophomores to spend the evening at his home. The usual games were played and some played the piano and sang. A few of our older classmates served refreshments and "Bob" Myers roasted marshmallows for the crowd.

October 14, 1915

Miss Louise Ewing proved a very charming hostess at her home on Jefferson street. About thirty of the loyal members attended and a general good time was enjoyed by all. As the Junior and Senior parties did not prove a success they came up and molested us. Refreshments were served by the committee in charge. The crowd dispersed soon afterwards. Gerald Hurd, (a Senior) said, "I think the Sophomores have fine parties" and he knows.

December 10, 1915

One of the most interesting parties held by the Sophomores in Room 10. The night was bad but some of the members who respect the class came. Everyone enjoyed themselves. Most of the evening was passed by singing and playing but a few games were played. The "eats" committee served a delicious lunch in the Domestic Science room. The remainder of the evening was spent in clearing up the kitchen. The boys as well as girls joined in. The crowd then diminished and everyone was sorry to see the time end so quickly.

Sophomore Class Roll

Herbert Abbott
Robert Abbott
John Austin
Helen Beck
Evelyn Bechstein
Aaron Biehl
Janice Blom
Lucile Burgett
Edra Brayton
Gladys Broughton
Claribell Brumbaugh
Mildred Bucher
Lulu Bonebrake
Ideene Buzzard
Neil Carey
Ruth Casper
Mildred Clark
Waneta Clark
Robert Coburn
Edna Cook
Warren Cook
Ferris Creager
Forrest Creager
Roy Cutshaw
Howard Decker
Howard Dill
Mary Earnshaw
Hazel Emley
Howard Emerick
Kenneth Espich
Louise Ewing
Otis Fahl
Ruth Fast
Earl Fisher
Kenneth Geedy
Ralph Gibler
Harry Glasser
Kendrick Grayston
Minor Gressly
Robert Grupe
Lela Heaston
Berniece Helms
Edwin Horning
Mildred Hoch
Marie Horrell
Ralph Humbert
Albert Johnson
Howard Kacy
Marguerite Keefe
Helen King
Margaret Klein
Paul Kreigbaum
Edna Lambert.
Bernice La Mont
Lucile LaMont
Everett Lawrie
Paul Leonhardt
Shirley Lowman
Mary Lucas
Charles Mahoney
Mary McCahill
James McClanahan
Dorothy McClure
Faye McKee
Harry Mehre
Alice Miller
Zelma Moyer
Robert Myers
Russell Newell
Wallace Patterson
Carl Repp
Faye Rex
Charles Rittgers
Andrew Raush
Charles Raush
Kathlyn Saal
Alvin Sands
Ellon Santon
Ethel Scheiber
Lucille Scott
Bertha Schock
Fred Souers
Lester Stauch
Rosa Stevens
Walter Skinner
Iva Stults
Raymond Stults
Margaret Sult
Mable Sutton
Paul Swaim
Esme Taylor
Lawrence Triggs
Ruth Walburn
Helen Walknetz
Edith Walters
Stella Waugh
Harriet Wearly
Laura Weaver
Edwin Weese
Raymond Wheeler
Madge Whiteside
Chester Williams
Hazel Williams
Alice Winebrenner
Walter Yergens
Howard Zinn
Leo Finn
Dorothy Briggs
Augustus Wasmuth

FRESHMEN.

September Freshmen

THAT FRESHMEN CLASS

Flower: White Rose Colors: Green and White

Motto: Be a Student Not a Pupil.

In making a review of the class of '19, it is well to note the progress of that class in one year of High School life. It is exceptional for a class on entering High School to be able to at once enter upon the various enterprises. This class, however did so in many ways.

First the class is enterprising in the way of athletics. Last year's track team had for one of its best men, a member of the class of '19. The same man was again found on the baseball team and in our past basket-ball season he proved to be one of the best guards in our whole Congressional district. Don't ask who he is. Perhaps the best accomplishment of the class, with regards to athletics, is its support it gives any and all branches of athletics. There is not a game played which is not attended by a large portion of this class.

The class was able to produce many of the best students of the entire school. This is proven by the fact that exactly 50 per cent of the first six weeks Honor Roll is composed of the class of '19. This is an unparalleled scholarship record and it will be hard to surpass even by the brainy Senior class.

The Freshmen gave loyal support to the High School paper and were second only to the Sophomore class. In fact a larger per cent of freshmen supported the paper than did the Seniors themselves.

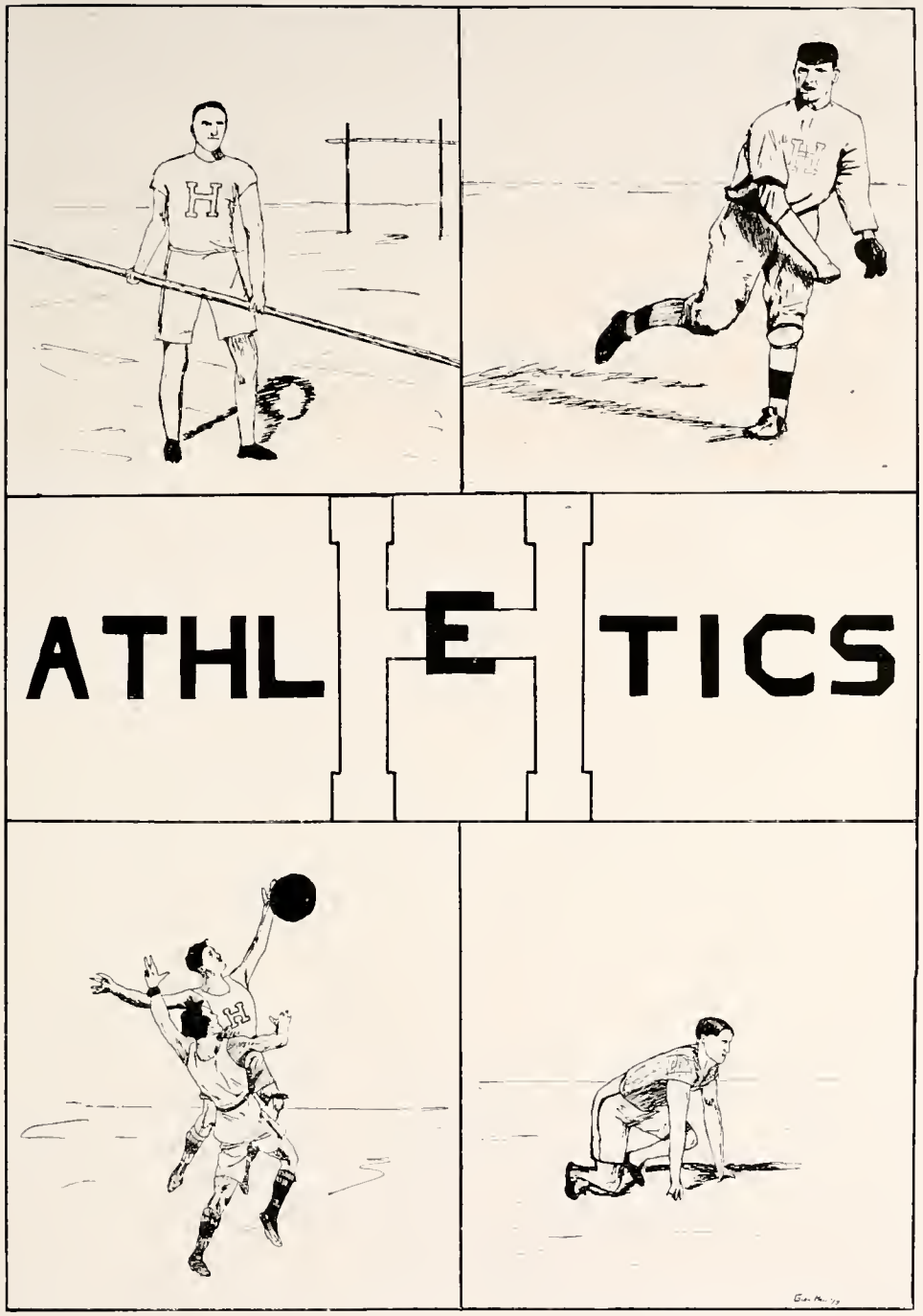
Now, on the level, you upper classmen, hasn't this class got some record and some chance for the future?

September Freshmen

Auker, Geraldine
Abbott, Robert
Austin, John
Adams, Gladys
Applegate, Roy
Bonebrake, Lulu
Brayton, Edra
Beaver, Howard
Bell, Howard
Best, Burl
Briggs, Mildred
Brown, Beatrice
Brown, Rosswell
Bunker, Oscar
Burgett, Inez
Burns, Nellie
Bush, Mary
Beemer, Earnest
Bronstein, Solomon
Conarty, Ansel
Culp, Marvel
Callison, Claude
Chapman, Glenn
Coble, Victor
Conarty, Emmett
Creager, Clifford
Crist, Grace
DeCamp, Donald
DeMoss, Edna
Divilbiss, Carl
Eckert, Herman
Ellerman, Edith
Ertzinger, Earl
Fahl, Burl
Falck, Gertrude
Folk, Martha
Fox, Robert
Fruit, Eleonora
Folk, Ora
Furst, Mary
Galbreath, Pearl
Gemmer, Paul
Griffith, Mary
Gunzenhauser, Henry
Gordon, Lester
Hall, Glenn
Hartman, Martha
Heiney, Emmet
Hock, Howard
Huffman, James
Hague, Arthur
Hale, Robert
Harris, Margaret
Lawver, Mildred
LaMont, Lucile
Liminger, Merle
Lucas, Kent
Morrett, Rex
Morse, Donald
Newall, Russell
Pense, Fred
Plasterer, Eiffel
Rudig, Philip
Roush, Andrew
Roush, Charles
Sands, Alvin
Scheerer, Wilbur
Schock, Edith
Schacht, Evelyn
Shideler, Ruth
Schumacher, Herman
Sults, Raymond
Sutton, Mabel
Smith, Mildred
Strause, Doris
Stults, Estella
Sullivan, Donelly
Telfer, Clarence
Thomas, Helen
Ulrich, Doris
Vollmar, Erma
White, Lawrence
Walker, John
Walker, George
Weiford, Paul
Wells, Milvin
Zigerli, Mary

January Freshmen

Amiss, Nellie
Anderson, Dwight
Bippus, Hazel
Bippus Wilma
Branstrator, Bessie
Brock, Lucile
Brown, Kathryn
Burris, Erma
Carr, Ruth
Castlemen, Estle
Cox, Howard
Creager, Merritt
Evans, Thelma
Fowerbaugh, Vernon
Farley, Emery
Fry, Sylvia
Garretson, Mary
Grupe, Walter
Hier, Delbert
Hilyard, Helen
Holsworth, Carl
Heck, Grace
Heitzfield, Louise
Husman, Oscar
Hamer, Mary
Jackman, Albert
Jay, Marland
Kaylor, Beatrice
Keplinger, Grace
Kennedy, Eldon
Kettering, Ruth
Kennedy, Beatrice
Klein, James
Koch, Alma
Lavengood, Thelma
Laurie, Vernon
Larrick, Erma
Little, Kathryn
Lovett, Margaret
Miller, Hershell
McMarlan, Mary E.
Mahoney, Fern
McCellan, Gladys
Mason, Velma
McCarthy, Ethel
McClanahan, Hubert
Mickley, Vaughn
Mitchell, Paul
Minton, Florence
Park, Berniece
Peters, John
Penland, Ermal
Pinkerton, Florence
Park, Helen
Payton, Frank
Poucher, Merle
Rannells, Lucile
Reed, Bruce
Rich, Perry
Robbins, Marie
Settlemyer, Ethel
Scott, Clella
Satterthwaite, Mildred
Schumacher, Marie
Scott, Graham
Shearer, Herbert
Shutt, Catherine
Shipley, Paul
Smith, Amirilla
Smith, Mildred
Smith, Ernest S.
Stauch, Wilbur
Smith, Justice
Swihart, Harvey
Tobias, Hayden
Terhune, Jack
Whitacre, Irene
White, Rolland
Windemuth, Mildred
Zinn, Bernard


ATHLETICS

Base Ball Team.

The Huntington High School Base Ball Season.

With constant coaching of Mr. Young and Mr. Byers the high school had an excellent base ball season. Captain Schacht held every one down to good steady practice with the banner results of a veteran. Mr Young should be given plenty of praise in this line because "Jake" is always on board with his watchful eye.

The first game played was between North Manchester and Huntington at Huntington resulting in a hard earned victory for the visitors, as the score was 2 to 1. Plenty of mud made it hard for both sides but they couldn't ask for a better game.

The second game of the season was between Bluffton and Huntington at Bluffton. After the first inning the game was in our favor. We won by the score of 13 to 1. The only time Huntington has ever beaten Bluffton in base ball. About thirty students attended the game from our own town.

The next game played was at North Manchester, resulting in a victory for North Manchester with a score of 3 to 1. A large silo out in left field and a telephone pole by second base helped Manchester no little bit.

The last game was between Bluffton and Huntington. Bluffton was badly beaten as we won the game by the overwhelming score of 24 to 1. The team was now beginning to get their start but had no chance to clear up their record with North Manchester, and so they left that for the basket ball team to do.

Base Ball Team.

Fred Falck—Third Base.
Howard Kacy—Field.
Ralph Humbert—First Base.
Harold Walknetz—Field.
Glenn Johnson—Field.
Reid Clark—Shortstop.
Kendrick Grayston—Field.
Robert Coburn—Catcher.
William Schacht—Pitcher (Captain).
Richard Coburn—Second Base.

The Basket Ball Team for 1915-16.

Burton Stephan—Captain and Forward.

Donald Cline—Center. Ralph Humbert—Forward.

Asa Kriegbaum—Guard. Glenn Johnson—Guard.

Harold Walknetz—Forward. William Schacht—Guard.

Howard Kacy—Guard.

THE BASKET BALL SEASON.

The Basket Ball season opened with an entire new team to pick but with a squad of hustlers out at each call for practice. Although the team lacked a coach at the beginning of the season it had a better place to practice in than in previous years. The Coliseum leased by the Huntington Young Men's Association, was turned over to the High School for basket ball practice.

In practice and training all the players worked for the good of the team and bi-weekly practices were made very strenuous. Considerable time and thought were exercised in thinning out the regular squad.

The student body as a whole was greatly interested in the team. At each home game the Coliseum was crowded with loyal students and a more spirited, willing bunch of rooters never existed. They simply raised the roof at times and the large structure rocked on its foundation when the warriors representing the old Red and Black trotted out on the floor to warm up before the game.

"Not So Bad For a Starter.

Basket ball enthusiasm was aroused to the extreme in the first game Nov. 12, at the Coliseum in which we lost to Marion by only one point after only two weeks of practice. The first half ended 15-8 in our favor but on account of the strain of fast playing in the last half we lost the game by the score of 22-21.

"Was This Victory or Defeat?"

Both our team and Roanoke claim this victory. No official scorekeepers were decided upon and each team claims victory by one point. The game was arranged at the last minute, Nov. 20, and much hustling and scrambling was necessary to arrange for the game. Roanoke fans claim the victory by a 22-21 count and we claim it by the score 19-18.

"Now Aren't You Proud of Us?"

The week following Markle visited Huntington and met defeat at our hands by the score of 36-9. Cline was out of the game on account of an injured knee, but Walknetz at center, ably took his place. In this game Captain Stephan and Humbert, forwards, each made 13 points.

"Another Victory to Our Credit."

On December 10 we journeyed to North Manchester in automobiles and played a game with them, beating them 50-21, thereby breaking the hoodoo which North Manchester held over us.

"Certainly Tough."

The fact that Rochester beat us by the convincing score of 71-21 at that place December 17 does not dampen our ardor in the least. In fact we can look upon that game as one of those bitter contrasts necessary to make victory more sweet. Humbert and Stephan dodged their giant guards for 5 and 4 field goals respectively. Schacht, guard, made I field goal.

"Bluffton Receives Just Deserts."

We won another hard fought battle on our home floor December 24, Christmas Eve, over Bluffton to the tune of 28-25. The game was fast and snappy

from the referee's opening whistle to the final report of the gun. Bluffton had long been Huntington's master in basket ball, having beaten us out of the district championship in 1914-15 and this victory was indeed a worthy Christmas present to H. H. S.

"Lost, But Honors Still at Home"

On December 30 we played the Alumni team of 1914-15 losing to them by only 2 points. The final score was 19-17. This was the first time an H. H. S. team had played the Alumni and the outcome was closely watched by both H. S. students and Alumni fans. Heck made 17 points for the Alumni and "Skinny" Humbert made 10 for the High School team. "Slugger" Smith made the other 2 points for the Alumni while "Brainy" Stephan made the other 7 for us.

"Dead Easy."

The first game of the New Year was played at Wabash January 7. Victory was easy for us, having the pleasure of winning 64-8. It was in this game that "Red" Walknetz, forward in the last half, took the Wabash fans off their feet by throwing 11 field goals. Our guards, Johnson and Kriegbaum, proved themselves equal to any emergency holding their forwards to very few points. Cline played an excellent game at center while Humbert tossed the ball through for 22 points.

"Another Easy One,"

For the first time in four years Warren and Huntington faced each other in a Basket Ball game January 14, at Huntington. Every man appeared at his best and little trouble was had in beating them 56-9.

"Twice in the Same Place."

On January 21 we again outdistanced Bluffton by three points winning by the score of 39-36. This game was played on the Bluffton floor and our boys were given their first glimpse of the floor on which they were to play in the District Tournament.

"Ten Young Men in a Mortal Combat."

The game with Warren February 4, at that place was by far the roughest and most unsportsmanlike game of the season. The extreme small floor gave us no chance to use signals or show any teamwork and we were accordingly beaten after five minutes overtime. The game ended 17-17 and in the extra five minute period Warren threw a foul and the game ended 17 to 18 in their favor.

"Easiest Yet!"

On February 11, North Manchester came to Huntington bound to put one across on our boys but were very much disappointed, losing to H. H. S. 79-15. This was the highest score yet piled up in spite of the fact that Cline was absent from his place at center because of a sprained ankle. Humbert, Stephen and Walknetz threw the goals while Kriegbaum and Johnson guarded steadily and accurately.

"Biggest Game of the Season."

For no other game did the Athletic Association and students take so much

Girls Basket Ball Team.

interest in as in the game with Rochester February 18, at the Coliseum. We had lost to the Rochester team earlier in the season and were anxious to even up matters with them and the student body never showed a better spirit than in this game. The Coliseum was crowded with rooters but with all support the team was forced to bow to the fast team of Rochester being defeated 23-17. The game was clean and thrilling throughout and no one had the victory cinched till the final whistle blew.

"Win Last Game at Home."

We won our last home game February 25, defeating the huskie Washington Center team after a hard struggle. The first half and the beginning of the last half was a neck and neck race but in the last ten minutes we rallied fast and won the game by the score of 36-20.

It was in this game that Asa Kriegbaum gained the expression of "sticking to his man." No one denied that Asa was a "sticker" throughout. "Wormy" Johnson ably assisted in the guarding while Cline at center and Humbert and Stephan at forwards did the scoring.

"Beaten By One Point."

The last out-of-town game was played March 3, against Marion. In spite of the lead we held in the largest portion of the game, they nosed us out by one point' winning 21-20.

"THE TOURNAMENT."

Losing to Liberty Center in Last Game of Season, Huntington Takes Second Place in District.

After winning their way to the finals by defeating Angola and Craigville high schools, Huntington lost the district championship to Liberty Center by the score of 31 to 19.

The final game between Huntington and Liberty Center was played at 8 p. m. Saturday in presence of five or six hundred rooters. Liberty Center had a loyal bunch of rooters but Bluffton's supporters were for Huntington as Bluffton had been eliminated by Liberty Center earlier in the day.

H. H. S. 46—Angola 20.

Huntington's first game at 7:30 Friday evening was with the fast Angola five. Huntington won this game, making 46 to their opponents 20 points.

In the last ten minutes Stephan was put in Walknetz's place at forward and Kacy in Johnson's at guard. Huntington's line up and score: Humbert, 14, Walknetz 16, Stephan 6, forwards; Cline 10, center; Kriegbaum 0, Johnson 0, Kacy 0, guards.

H. H. S. 45—Craigville 26.

Huntington won their second game of the tournament Saturday at 2 p. m., trouncing Craigville to the tune of 45 to 26, after Craigville had beaten Geneva. Huntington's fast team work was what took Craigville from their feet and they were forced to gape about hitting the goal for 10 lonely field goals and 6 foul throws. Walknetz, in the second half, took Humbert's place at forward while Humbert relieved Cline at center. Huntington: Stephan 10, Walknetz 4, forwards; Cline 2, Humbert 28, center; Kriegbaum 0, Johnson 0, guards.

By winning this game Huntington won her way into the finals Saturday night.

H. H. S. 19—Liberty Center 31.

The last game was a heart-breaker for Huntington. Had we won that game H. H. S. would have been represented in the state tournament at Bloomington March 17 and 18.

The first half ended 10 to 9 in Huntington's favor, but in the second half Liberty Center surged ahead and kept the lead until the game ended.

The Huntington robes made a fine showing at the tournament and whenever our boys trotted across the floor a wild applause went up from the balcony. The balcony was full at each game, but some of the crowd was turned back from the final game, so crowded was the balcony.

THE SEASON'S SCORES

Basket ball season ends with 11 victories out of 18 games:

Huntington 21—Marion 22.
Huntington 19—Roanoke 18.
Huntington 36—Markle 9.
Huntington 50—North Manchester 21.
Huntington 21—Rochester 75.
Huntington 28—Bluffton 25.
Huntington 17—Alumni 19.
Huntington 64—Wabash 8.
Huntington 56—Warren 9.
Huntington 39—Bluffton 36.
Huntington 17—Warren 18.
Huntington 79—North Manchester 15.
Huntington 17—Rochester 23.
Huntington 36—Washington Center 20.
Huntington 20—Marion 21.

Tournament at Bluffton.

Huntington 46—Angola 20
Huntington 45—Craigville 26.
Huntington 19—Liberty Center 31.

Total scores—Huntington H. S., 630; opponents, 416.

Track Team 1915

We have good reason to be proud of our last year's track team and for that reason we print their record here. Track meets are usually not exciting but when the score is Rochester 34, Bluffton 32, Huntington 31 and Wabash 11, it is pretty nearly as good as a thirteen inning base-ball game, if not more so.

Huntington started early in the morning on a special car but found Wabash already at the station in a "trailer." The route selected was by way of Ft. Wayne to avoid the perils of the C. B. & C..

The hospitable Bluffton rooters loaded the teams in cars after their noon-day meal and took them out to the field after parading them thru town.

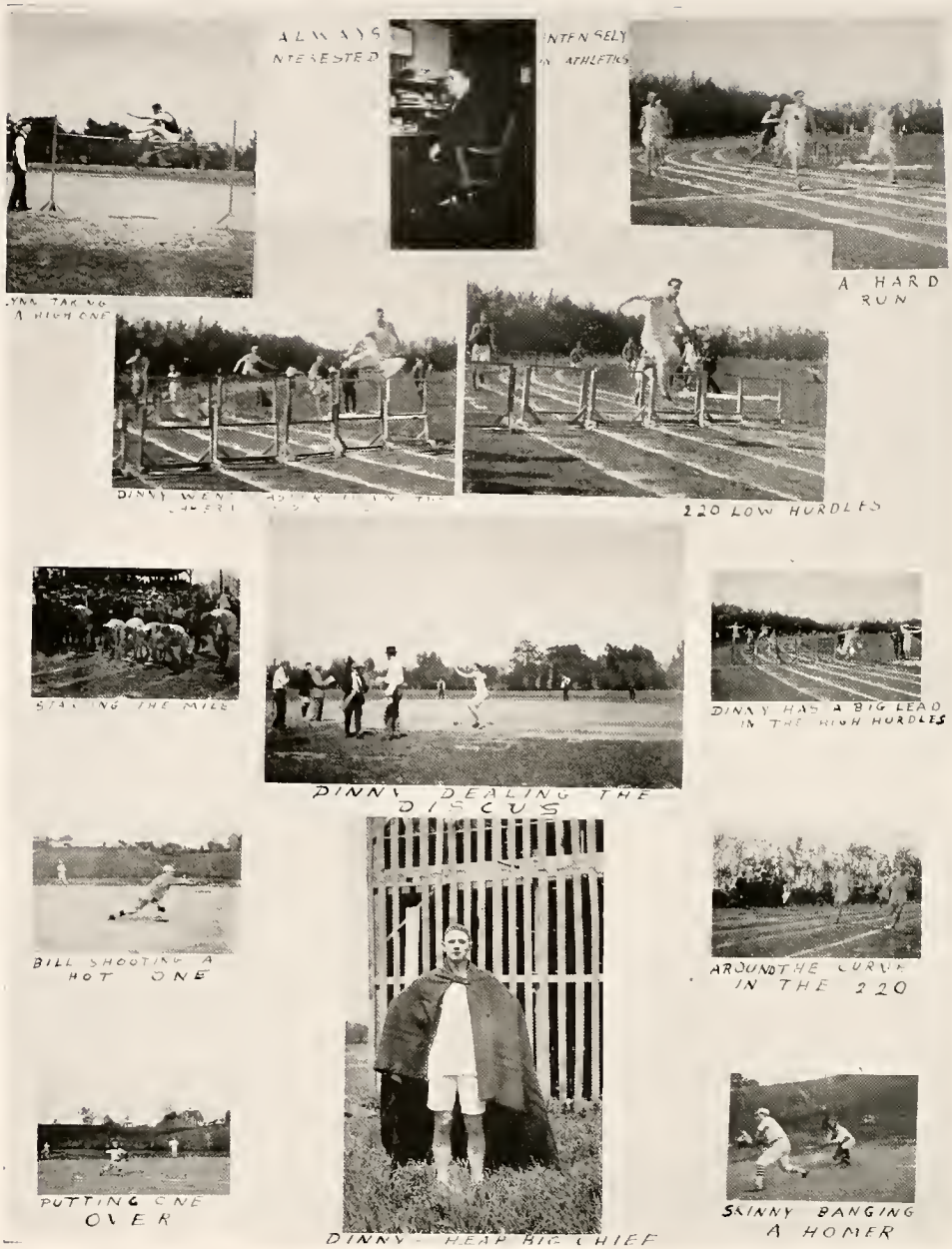
Altho the meet was very close it did not become intense until at the last when Huntington won two of the coveted first points and enough seconds and thirds to make them possible winners. Luck, however, deserted them and allowed Rochester to win, not only the meet, but also the relay race and later the oratorical.

Ray Miller of Rochester was individual point winner but even this was closely contested for his fourteen points were almost equalled by Cline's thirteen.

Huntington has good reason to be proud of Cline 13, Miltonberger 5, Miller 7, Wygant 1, Schacht 3, and Frost 2, who were awarded both medals and letters for winning points. The rest of the team also deserve much credit: Johnson, Spencer, Grayston, Kacy, Heck, Sutton, Walknetz, Winebrenner.

The last named, Fred Winebrenner, would probably have won the meet for us if sickness had not prevented his running the mile run.

In a preliminary meet Huntington defeated Wabash by a score of 48-60.


A L W A Y S
N T E R E S T E D
N T E N S E L Y
N A T H L E T I C S
A HARD RUN
220 LOW HURDLES
DINNY DEALING THE DISCUS
DINNY HAS A BIG LEAD IN THE HIGH HURDLES
BILL SHOOTING A HOT ONE
AROUND THE CURVE IN THE 220
PUTTING ONE OVER
SKINNY BANGING A HOMER

Seen on the Field

SCORE OF 1915 MEET.

First Place Only is Given.

100 Yard Dash—1st. Moore, Rochester. Time 11 seconds.

One Mile Run—1st. Moomaw, Bluffton. Time 5 min. 7 3-5 seconds.

120 Yard Hurdle—1st. Cline, Huntington. Time 18 2-5.

440 Yard Dash—1st. Miller, Rochester. Time 57 3-5.

880 Yard Run—1st. Miller, Rochester. Time 57 3-5.

220 Yard Dash—1st. Walmer, Bluffton. Time 25 1-5.

220 Yard Hurdle—1st. Robbins, Rochester. Time 30 4-5.

Discus—1st. Miller, Rochester. Distance 96 ft. 5 in.

Running High Jump—1st Worth, Wabash. Distance 5 ft. 3½ in.

Shot Put—1st. Shoemaker, Bluffton. Distance 39 ft. 11½ in.

Pole Vault—1st. Cline, Huntington. Distance 9 ft. 8 in.

Broad Jump—1st. Miltonberger, Huntington. Distance 19 ft. 8½ in.

Relay—Won by Rochester. Time 3:59.

Yells

Ki Yi, Ki Yi
Ki lickity brim
Come out of the woods
Sand paper your chin
We're wild, we're wooly
With teeth like a saw
Huntington High School
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hay—Straw—
Pumpkin—Squash—
Is that Wabash
Well—by—Gosh!

One-two-three-four
Five-six-seven
All good children go to heaven.
When we get there we will yell
Bluffton-Rochester go to —— Wabash.

Ali vivo, ali vivo,
Ali vevo vivo vum.
Vum get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap
Vum get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap
Rubber neck! Rubber neck! Indian
Squaw!
Huntington High School!
Rah! Rah! Rah

Ki! Yi!, Ki! Yi! That's our cry
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y
Can We? Will we?
Well I guess
H—H—H—H—H—H—S

Zickity boom rah-rah
Zickity boom rah-rah
Hoorah! Hoorah!
Huntington High School
Rah! Rah! Rah!

ORGANIZATION

W. M. SMITH
Student Manager

HUNTINGTON HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Huntington High School Athletic Association was organized in the year 1911. The purpose of the Athletic Association is to push and supply the ready cash for athletics in the High School, and is surely a highly recommended Association to be a member of.

F. C. STRODEL
Student Treasurer

The Association has never been as prosperous as this year. Prof. J. P. Young the faculty manager, is surely the man for the head of such an organization, as all those who have had some experience under him know his method of teaching and that he always succeeds in his purpose. Prof. Young, also does all necessary correspondence.

Wilton Smith, the student manager, is another one to see that things are run the right way and he does not study long to tell you what he thinks of you, be it friend or foe. Many games have depended upon his quick management and head-thinking.

No matter how good the management, good book-keeping is the next important element. Prof. J. J. Hornback, the faculty treasure, is another man of importance, selling the tickets and guarding the cash, also censoring the sale of tickets.

The other parts of the treasure fall on Fred Strodel, student treasurer, who they say has the German idea of running things and as we know what the Germans are doing in Europe, we are not worrying about Fred, because he watches the bank account closely and pays his bills cash down. He tries to give the boys on the team the best money can buy and again sees that money is not spent foolishly. In the last report the assets were $287.99, and the liabilities $217.12, which gave a profit of $20.87, and he hopes to bring it to a still larger sum at the end of the year.

J. J. HORNBACK
Faculty Treasurer

The Association has now 203 members, who have been repaid many times for their fees which they paid as a member.

—Member of H. H. S. A. A.

J. P. YOUNG
Faculty Manager

SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

The Sunshine Society, is just what its name indicates. It was first organized in the year of 1914, by the girls of the H. H. S., for the purpose of creating a little more sunshine.

Its work proved so successful in that year that it still exists, only much stronger. It has brought sunshine, not only to those who are members of H. H. S. but others as well. It's work is well done because it has able leaders and many loyal members.

The President, Jane Anderson, is well fitted for the office, as well as Vice-President Marie Shinkel, Secretary Mary Jane Lucas and Treasurer Erma Ditzler.

Miss Cora D. Altman has, from the first, been their greatest helper and has proven herself a real friend of the society. It was by her suggestions that the various committees were appointed in order that the work undertaken might be more successfully carried out.

The visiting committee is comprised of Marguerite Walters, Helen Beck, Evelyn Schacht and Ruth Shideler. Mabel Sutton and several assistants care for the lunch cupboard. Dorothy Ewing, Magdalena Smith and Margaret Harris form the Absence committee, to keep a record of the absentees from school in order that the Sunshine Society might help when it should be of benefit. Mildred Marker, a committee of one, has as her duty the sending of plants and flowers to members or friends of the school when ill. Verna Karnes, Lucile Rannells, and Wanita Clark are kept active on the lost and found committee, while Zoe Hart and Virginia Dowler are busy on the rest room-committee.

Each committee has performed its duty well and much has been accomplished toward improvements in the school, as well as little acts of kindness performed both in school and out, by the various committees and by individual members of the society.

Several little financial schemes have been managed in order that the league might be more able to help in various ways. Everyone has been willing to help raise the finances and every scheme has brought ample rewards.

The money received from these enterprises have gone into plants, flowers, and small gifts which have been sent to sick and bereaved members of H. H. S. and its many friends in the city.

This society although comparatively new has proven its real worth and any school is incomplete without such a society.

WALTER SKINNER
Orator 1915 and 1916

WABASH VALLEY

Oratorical Contest.

The Third Annual Oratorical Contest of the Wabash Valley High School Athletic and Oratorical Association was held at Bluffton, May 22, 1915. The contest was won by Robert Moore of Rochester, subject "The Yellow Peril." Harry Ulsh of Wabash took second with an oration in "Municipal Reform." Other contestants were Louis Schwartz of Bluffton "World Peace" and Walter Skinner of Huntington "Who Caused the Present European War?"

Huntington as usual was unfortunate, altho as ever ably represented. Hope is entertained for the future however and the 1916 meet at Wabash, it is most fervently desired, will probably be won by Huntington.

Walter Skinner also won the oratorical contest of the Huntington high school Wednesday May 3, 1916, and will represent the Huntington school in the Wabash valley oratorical contest at Wabash, May 13. His subject was "The Crisis." The other contestants and their subjects were Paul Mitchell, "Character and Environment"; Donald Russell, "National Liberty"; and Maurice Worcester "Preparedness for Peace."

The judges were Clifford Funderburg, the Rev. L. E. Smith and C. W. H. Bangs.

THE DEBATING CLUB.

The Debating Club had a long and stormy time getting started but when it did start it started with a boom. Although the primary purpose of the Debating Club is to develop practice in public speaking, yet it has also given to its members a better understanding of questions before the world today.

The questions for debate have always been on some subject of public interest and have all been hotly contested. The spirit shown was far better than that of last year, it often taxing the executive powers of the president and the critic, Mr Byers, in order to prevent a free for all discussion lasting far into the night.

Officers chosen have been Walter Skinner, president; Fred Strodel, vice-president, and Mildred Suttles, secretary. Mr Ashman also acted as critic in the absence of Mr. Byers.

The Debating Club entered the state discussion meet in April, Chester Ackley representing the school, and expects to win the oratorical contest of the Wabash Valley Association in May.

THE ORCHESTRA.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm,
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve
And antedate the bliss above.

—Pope.

The orchestra of 1915-16 consists of thirty pieces and is the largest that has ever been known in the Huntington High School. This orchestra, on account of competent director and the enthusiasm of the students is fastly becoming one of the best that the High School has ever possessed. It plays at the commencement exercises, the Public School Exhibit and each year takes part in a public concert. It also participates in other public entertainments such as concerts at the H. Y. M. A. and other social affairs.

Rehearsals are held on Tuesday evenings of each week. The music studied by the orchestra is the best and is that class which tends to develope the musical knowledge of the student. Some selections taken up this year were, Schuberts "Moment Musical", Dvoraks' "Humoreske", "Omartelle" from Verdi and others.

The instrumentation for this year is as follows:

Prof. J. L. Swihart, Director.

Piano

Zelma Moyer—Claribel Brumbaugh

First Violins

Chester Ackley
Marie Brown
Marie Draper
Martha Folk
Almeda Lowman
Gladys McClellan
Don Pens
Marie Shinkel
Esme Taylor
Hale Little

Cello

Allan Barnhart

Bass

Shirl Lowman

Traps

Howard Dill

Mellephone

Fred Mahoney
(Teacher of Manual Training)

Second Violins

Aaron Beal
Janice Bloom
Arthur Cook
Beatrice Brown
Lester Gordon
Lester Stouch
Carlos Taylor
Herbert Shearer
Howard Emrick

Clarinet

Fred Winebrenner
Donald Bowers

Cornet

Bernard Zinn
Mary E. McMarlan

Trombone

Donald Cline
Claude Krieg

GLEE CLUBS.

Director—Prof. J. L. Swihart.

The Glee Clubs which were organized at the beginning of this school year show, contrary to some opinions that music is becoming an important factor in the high school course. The students have shown remarkable interest in this work and should this continue we will soon have a boy's and a girl's glee club of which any high school could be proud.

The members are studying the class of music that tends to make them better acquainted with such composers as Dvorak, Mendelssohn, Rubenstein, Wagner, and Schubert.

Some exceptional talent has been discovered and a boy's quartette has been organized. This quartette has appeared before the public twice at the H. Y. M. A. and then at the Junior show, both times pleasing the audiences with their selections.

CHORUS.

Probably no subject in the school has a greater attraction for young people than music when it is properly presented. In school or college the success of the chorus work depends upon the ability of the music director and our high school is indeed fortunate in having Prof. J. L. Swihart to direct our chorus- It is entirely feasible to make the music period of invaluable benefit to the school and of great interest to the students, and this is what he has succeeded in doing. He has taught them, or at least is making a "great attempt," to teach them, to see the superiority of classical music over the popular music of today. Only the best composers are studied and some work is taken from the standard operas such as "Il Trovatore", "The Bohemian Girl" and the like. An excellent addition and one of inestimable value to the music classes is the Victrola. Through this medium the students are privileged to hear some of the great singers. Some of the history of the music rendered is studied along with this and this opens another scope of learning in the music line. Our chorus shows that music is fast becoming one of the most important factors in the public schools all over the land.

GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.

The girls' gymnasium class was not altogether a new thing this year but the work was begun with new vim after an intermission of about two years. These two years were not lost on account of the lack of interest on the part of the girls but because of the lack of room. This year Mr. Byers secured the coliseum for High School work, giving the girls a long looked for opportunity.

Basket ball was the main feature of the work during the winter which was carefully coached by Miss Summers who took a course in such work while at school. The girls played the Tipton street girls, winning 22-3. The High School girls, although being the larger, were handicapped by having only half the practice of their opponents. As soon as the weather is favorable the work is going to be carried on out of doors in the way of long hikes.

THE BASKET BALL SUB.

LEONORA CORT hurried away from her not too pleasant home that morning with the words "High School" beating hard against her brain. She was a Freshman; this morning she was to be initiated into the complicated workings that went on inside of that great building which had stood for so much to her in the last year.

What mattered it that Baby Penelope had kept her up half of the night administering hourly doses of soothing syrup, or that her father had come home in a too-hilarious mood only to have it suddenly change to one of black hate and anger at the piteous cries of the "brat?" What did it matter that she herself had sat up nights a whole week before to make the poor little dress that she wore with the gaudy collar, the too-low neck and too-long, too-frilly sleeves? She was going to High School and nothing else mattered.

For weeks past she had imagined herself in all sorts of joyful attitudes; the head of her class, or sitting on the steps kicking her heels joyfully together and eating bon bons from a box being offered to her by a laughing boy, as she had seen a girl do once. All these things came back to her as she ascended the steps of the school. Her heart beat unevenly and the blood in her veins had a strange, cold feeling. She pulled open the heavy door and entered. All about her were people, some alone, all scanning printed slips of paper intently and all making incoherent remarks about "conflicts" and "conditions". Every one seemed to want some one's else advice or fountain pen, it not seeming to make much difference which.

She didn't know exactly where to go and tried to cover her confusion by wandering as she saw others doing. Somehow she felt out of place, on the outside of everything and this feeling was in no way relieved by a loud, rude bunch of girls who made suggestive remarks about the Freshman.

She wandered about aimlessly for a time, thinking fast, as she walked. Everyone about her seemed so busy and self-occupied and there was something in her nature (which we would call pride in a person of proud ancestry) which restrained her from asking questions of any of these people.

Finally, she decided she must do something besides walk so she entered a room timidly and sat down in a vacant seat near the door. Then came over her that feeling that almost everyone has witnessed; that strange feeling of utter loneliness in a crowd of people. This loneliness of all others seems the worst and poor little Eleonora sat there and suffered it, her high hopes shattered, her joy all gone, but still she wore a bravely indifferent look upon her face.

Any one who has ever felt "left-out" knows that it took bravery to sit there but it is instinctive in people to be brave at a time like that; simply to keep up appearances.

She wanted to fly from the door and never enter it again, but she couldn't bear the thought of the coarse jests and cruel jeers of her father and mother, for they had opposed a high school career.

While all of this was passing through Eleonora's brain she was vaguely con-

scious of people leaving and entering the room in which she sat, and of a buzz of conversation in the hall beyond.

She saw girls with pale skins and big eyes walking about in a preoccupied way; awkward, shambling boys brushing elbows with the daintiest of girls and handsome well dressed fellows watching attentively some feminine figure in the crowd. And yet from all these Eleonora received never so much as a smile or friendly look.

Presently she was awakened from her revery by the clear sound of a low, full voice repeating her name.

"Eleonora Cort" it said, "That's my little sister for this term, Bob. You know the Sunshine girls started the movement this year and its really a lot of help to Freshmen."

Eleonora turned and looked up at her with big, appealing eyes which looked a soft liquid brown because of the tears which were so near the surtace.

"Can I help you?" said the girl gently just as the boy broke in with "Don't bother with these Freshmen Jane. Let's go somewhere." Jane looked at him firmly.

"Not today, Bob. This little girl needs my attention and there may be more." The boy turned away, sulkily.

Eleonora knew instinctively that her name was neither Eleonora nor Penlope and she was glad that it was Jane. Her quick eyes took in the whole of Jane's appearance at a glance. She was by no means a beautiful girl and yet she was undoubtedly attractive in her sensible way.

She was clad in plain blue serge and flat heels. Her hair was drawn plainly away from her forehead and yet Eleonora felt rather than knew that Fashion said it must be done that way. There was something charming and helpful about the very presence of the girl, and yet she was not one of those meek and much martyred creatures who do nothing but help and never have any pleasures. At any rate Eleonora's heart gave a great bound as her brown eyes met the blue ones.

This girl had given her the first kind word that she had received and it comforted her to know that she had not yet told her name and that Jane did not know yet that she was her "little sister" but was just helping her because she felt she needed it.

It wasn't hard to get acquainted. The girl helped her plan a satisfactory course and when everything had been finished she said, "And there is one more way you can make a little credit and have lots of fun. That's on the girl's gymnasium classes. You look as if you'd make a mighty good basket ball player. If you want me to I'll help you get on the Freshman team. I'm a Senior but I know some Freshmen and I think I could help."

Eleonora's eyes expressed what she could not say. Gymnasium work and athletics had always been dreams of hers and here was an opportunity opening for her at the hand of this girl who had been so kind.

"Thank you!" said Eleonora and from the moment she received the smile which Jane gave her, she adored her.

Time passed and the midwinter came in with all of its dreariness. As soon as any bright, cold weather would come, it would get warm and rain again. It was a time when people were being suddenly taken ill with colds and Jane was worried.

The next night the Seniors were to play the Juniors in a long looked for game. The Seniors had all been rushed doing regular school work, and only enough of them had gone into the gymnasium to form a team but this was a good one.

Jane was captain and the best player on the Senior team and was modestly and necessarily aware of the fact.

Only one night before the game her throat became sore but she told no one and went to practice. She knew it was unwise but it was necessary. They couldn't practise without her.

She practised too hard, cooled off too quickly, walked home thro a heavy, wet snow and slush and the next morning was unable to speak.

She made herself no better by worrying and every one was frantic. The game couldn't be postponed and she couldn't be there. All day she had dismal pictures of the Juniors calling them "quitters" and still she had found no solution. Not a sub in the Senior class! What had she been thinking of not to make some Senior work enough to sub, but she felt reasonably sure that that wouldn't do anyhow because the Juniors had a fine team and lots of subs.

She tossed restlessly upon her bed but still she could see no solution to her complexing problem.

About four o'clock her mother came up stairs to announce Eleonora Cort.

Eleonora came up and blushed painfully as she explained that since the Sunshine girls had been so good to her at first she was helping them now.

Jane watched the girl intently, looked at her little well built body, turned the conversation from common places and said suddenly.

"You're a good basket ball player aren't you?"

Eleonora blushed and said she was sure she didn't know.

"Well I do; I have seen some Freshman games. You're a little bit untrained as yet perhaps but I can't go tonight. I'm sick and the Juniors wouldn't allow us to get a Soph. sub so you'll have to go."

Eleonora opened her eyes wide with wonder, "I can't—Why, I'd spoil everything, I can scarcely play."

"Yes you can. You'll have to wear your own suit and go."

The first half went badly for the Seniors. They seemed to lose their courage when their captain was gone and Eleonora was nervous. She almost forgot her signals and had several fouls called on her for foolish mistakes.

When the first half was over she walked over to the dressing room and shut herself in. She looked at one of her eyes and about three quarters of her nose in the little cracked mirror and said viciously, "Eleonora Cort, brace up. You

can play better than that! And this is the way you're treating Jane!" She flushed hotly with anger at herself.

She flung the door open and walked out again. The Seniors didn't say anything to her and a few Junior girls gave nine rahs for the Freshies, this causing a general titter and much staring. But Eleonora raised her head and jumped into practice.

Somehow ,after having had that little conversation with herself she felt better and had more self-confidence. The score mounted steadily up to a tie, a good deal thro Eleonora's help. The Seniors were discouraged but she was not. She made baskets and people opened their eyes. The Senior's felt that perhaps, after all she wasn't so bad and it gave them courage.

The Juniors continued their good playing, but somehow the Senior score rose and Eleonora was almost always in the plays. She was doing better work than any of the Seniors. She stopped the Juniors and made points for her side with only a few misplays.

Suddenly (it seemed to her) time was up and they had won. Somebody grasped her hand and said, "Good work"; some one patted her on the back and some Seniors came up to lift her on their shoulders.

"You're a peach," someone said, "and there'll be no more exclusively Freshman work for you. You'll be on the School team."

Her eyes shone brightly. In her anxiety to help her adored Jane she had never thought of the opportunity it was giving herself.

She was let down at the door and she turned to mumble something about being glad she could help them. It all seemed such a dream to her that anyone could care about her, Eleonora, but here she was being congratulated by these Seniors.

As she looked at them they seemed to swim before her eyes and disappear and in their stead she saw the vision of a blue eyed girl, clad in serge and flat heels.

"Don't give me any credit," she said, backing into the dressing room. "It's all Jane's. But I'll be worthy of it if I can. Tell her, somebody, that I helped because I thought of her," she added softly.

—Helen Rosebrough.

DRAMATIC

Act I—Freshman Chorus

Hicks

THE SENIOR CLASS
of the
HUNTINGTON HIGH SCHOOL
Presents
"ON THE CAMPUS"

A College Comedy in Three Acts, with Music.

CHARLES E. SHANK, Director.

Cast of Characters

Hiram Hicks, the Braino Man.....Marion Deeds
Tom Horton, who writes advertisements.....Edwin Lucas
Fritz Jordan, Horton's chum, who plays basketball.....Senn Ruse
Adam Biddicut, Professor of Liberal Arts.....Donald Russell
Dean Smiley, of the College of Arts.....Lessel Buzzard
Adolph Hopkins, a lazy boy.....Donald Pens
Josh Anderson, a basket ball enthusiast.....Fred Winebrenner
Peter, popular proprietor of the "Pal".....Edgar Reed
Percy Robbins, a recent arrival from "deah Boston".....Allan Frost
Bastian Briggs, a dig.....Ray Murray
Charley Padlet, a reporter for the "Daily Shriek".....Lowell Collins
Walker, manager for the Braino Man.....Cyril Hilyard
June Grant, interested in Horton.....Jane Anderson
Polly Porter, June's chum, interested in Jordan.....Ethelwyn Beal

Percy

Claire Angeline Jones, a stage struck girl.....Verna Karnes
Susy Spriggens, a freshman with a crush.....Elma Lininger
Daisy Armstrong, an athletic girl.....Helen Triggs
Fluff Finley, a fusser girl.....Berniece Fleck
Flora Belle Delemartyr, waitress at the "Pal".....Birdella Witham
Mrs. Cobb, housekeeper at the "Quarters".....Effie Tharp
Lily, maid at the "Quarters".....Ruth Vernerder

CHORUS

College Boys

Emery Aldrich, Cyril Hilyard, Lessel Buzzard, Don Pens, Lowell Collins, Ray Murray, Fred Winebrenner, Allan Frost, Senn Ruse, Edwin Lucas.

College Girls.

Erma Ditzler, Virginia Dowler, Marie Shinkle, Ruth Vernerder, Bernice Fleck Helen Triggs, Elma Lininger, Verna Karnes, Ethelwyn Beal.

SYNOPSIS AND MUSICAL NUMBERS

Act I

SCENE—The Palace of Sweets, familiarly known as "the Pal" the meeting place of town and college.
Opening Chorus.....Chorus
The Goat.....Susy and Chorus
Every Little Co-ed.....Tom and June

Act II

SCENE—"On the Campus."
Love is Like a Red, Red, Rose.....
June, Polly, Claire, Tom, Fritz, Percy

Act III

SCENE—"The Quarters," home of six boys.
Wooden Shoes.....Susy and Jane
When Grandma had a Beau.....Claire and June
Language or Love.....Percy, Daisy and Chorus
I'm a Nut.....Percy and Chorus
Finale.....Entire Company

Biddy

Tom and June

Susy

THE SENIOR CLASS PLAY

Flora

Briggs

On the evenings of January 13 and 14 a tribute was paid to the legitimate stage by the Senior Class of the Huntington High School when they put before the theater-goers of their city the play "On the Campus." With crowded houses, good snappy music and plenty of pep, one of the best home talents of Huntington was put over the footlights. The parts were well distributed and each character certainly did play his part. The coaching was under the direction of C. E. Shanks of Angola, Indiana, who has had charge of all the former Senior class plays of our school. Rehearsals were held during Xmas vacation in the High School and Theater and after two weeks at practice, the amateurs were ready to stare the crowded houses from behind the footlights. The play started off with a bang and the opening chorus was pronounced immense. The music—new, snappy, classy and up-to-the-minute was the intoxicant that set everybody going. The wit was excellent and applause was freely given. The character parts were especially splendid and the actors carried them out to a "T." Birdella Withams who acted as Flora-Bella-Delamartyr the waitress, was pronounced a star. Her wit, manner and unconcerned independence all tended to make a real character that was only brought out by real acting. Percy Robbins, played by Allan Frost, the dude from "deah" Boston, was the one real hit of the show, especially in his song number "I'm a Nut." His effeminate, careful exquisite ways made one want to throw either flowers or bricks at him. Along with Percy was his adorable one female, Daisy Armstrong, played by Helen Triggs. She was an athletically inclined girl who was as much a boy as Percy was a girl. There was one difficult comedy part,—that of the old professor, Adam Biddicut, which was certainly handled to perfection by Donald Russell. All the character parts and the dialogue numbers were especially well acted. The song numbers were put across in a real professional way and ranked as first class in theater records. The three act play closed only too soon, as the people of Huntington declared, and the record of the Senior class was made on those evenings.

Peter

Claire

Act II

Act III—Finale

READ THE ADS and PATRONIZE the ADVERTISERS

THE ACROPOLIS

Motto—"Be as You Seem to Be"

VOL. 2. HUNTINGTON, INDIANA., MARCH 16, 1916 NO. 20

HUNTINGTON HIGH SCHOOL LOSES DISTRICT CHAMPIONSHIP

LOSE TO LIBERTY CENTER IN LAST GAME OF SEASON

Huntington Takes Second Place in District

After winning their way to the finals by defeating Angola and Craigville high schools, Huntington lost the district championship to Liberty Center by the score of 31 to 19.

The final game between Huntington and Liberty Center was played at 8 p. m. Saturday in presence of five or six hundred rooters. Liberty Center had a loyal bunch of rooters but Bluffton's supporters were for Huntington as Bluffton had been eliminated by Liberty Center earlier in the day.

H. H. S. 46—ANGOLA 20.

Huntington's first game at 7:30 Friday evening was with the fast Angola five. Huntington won this game making 46 to their opponents 20 points.

In the last ten minutes Stephan was given Walknetz's place at forward and Kneysen's place at guard. Huntington's line up and score: Humbert 14, Walknetz 16, Stephan 2, forwards; Cline 10, center; Kriegbaum 2, Johnson 0, guards.

H. H. S. 45—CRAIGVILLE 26.

Huntington won their second game of the tournament Saturday at 2 p. m., trouncing Craigville to the tune of 45 to 26, after Craigville had beaten Geneva. Huntington's fast team work was what took Craigville from their feet and they were forced to gape about hitting the end for 10 lonely field goals and 6 foul throws. Walknetz, in the second half, took Humbert's place at forward while Humbert relieved Cline at center. Huntington: Stephan 10, Walknetz 1, forwards; Cline 2, Humbert 20, center; Kriegbaum 0, Johnson 0, guards.

By winning this game Huntington won her way into the finals Saturday night.

H. H. S. 19—LIBERTY CENTER 31.

The last game was a heart-breaker for Huntington. Had we won that game H. H. S. would have been represented in the state tournament at Bloomington March 17 and 18.

The first half ended 10 to 9 in Huntington's favor but in the second half Liberty Center surged ahead and kept the lead until the game ended.

The Huntington robes made a fine showing at the tournament and whenever our boys trotted across the floor a wild applause went up from the balcony. The balcony was full at each game but some of the crowd was turned back from the final game, so crowded was the balcony.

Tournament Scores.
(In order of Elimination.)

Pleasant Lake 42—Waterloo 21.
South Milford 11—Albion 22.
Liberty Center 41—Hudson 12.
Bluffton 31—Auburn 22.
Huntington 46—Angola 20.
Craigville 26—Geneva 36.
Pleasant Lake 25—South Milford 31.
Liberty Center 36—Bluffton 28.
Huntington 45—Craigville 26.
Liberty Center 12—Pleasant Lake 31.
*Liberty Center 31—Huntington 19.
*Final game

THE SEASON'S SCORES--- SOME TEAM

Basket ball season ends with 11 victories out of 18 games:

Huntington 21—Marion 22.
Huntington 19—Roanoke 18.
Huntington 36—Muncie 8.
Huntington 50—North Manchester 21.
Huntington 21—Rochester 75.
Huntington 28—Bluffton 25.
Huntington 17—Alumni 19.
Huntington 44—Wabash 8.
Huntington [illegible]—Warren 9.
Huntington [illegible]—Bluffton 30.
Huntington [illegible]—Warren 18.
Huntington [illegible]—North Manchester 15.
Huntington [illegible]—Rochester [illegible].
Huntington [illegible]—Wabash [illegible].
Huntington [illegible]—Roanoke [illegible].

AT BLUFFTON TOURNAMENT.

Heard in the domestic science department. Bluffton Girl: "M" Oh" Mr. Stephan won't you have something more to eat?"

Burton: "Gosh No."

Robt. Greenman and Allan Barnhart try to smoke the little town of Bluffton off the map. Result—Two sick boys.

Ray Murray goes to sleep in 4-1 English So Ray bid good afternoon to the said class.

FRIDAY MORNING EXERCISES.

Last Friday morning the upper classmen were entertained in the assembly room by Mr. and Mrs. O'Conner who are aiding the revival services now going on in Huntington.

They sang, played and also gave readings and dialogues, displaying much talent.

This is the first Friday morning exercise of this term. They will not be held regularly since the crowded conditions of the school make it impossible to seat more than the Juniors, Seniors and a few Sophomores in the assembly room.

One More Plea---

Sign For The

MODULUS

Sign up with the following H. S. students:
Fred Strodel and Bernice Helm—Room 10.
Evelyn Schacht—Room 7.
Fern Mahoney—First Floor

ROYAL TREATMENT AT BLUFFTON

The basket ball teams of the tournament were royally entertained while at Bluffton. Each team was met by an automobile and the members taken to their rooms in private houses. Entertainment began at 8:30 Friday morning and ended 8:30 Sunday morning. A banquet was given in the Central building Saturday night at 10:30 for the two teams in the finals, Huntington and Liberty Center.

LOSE TO MARION.

Coming from behind in the last five minutes play, the Marion high school five won from Huntington Friday night by the score of 21 to [illegible]. Huntington had the better of the game at battle till the last few minutes when Marionites finished in whirlwind fashion, their score from 14 to 21 in five minutes. first half ended 12 to 11 in Huntington's favor. Coach Darnell was much displeased in the small floor upon which the game to be played, as our boys are used to floor with both end and side lines, [illegible], one of the best referees in the state to both teams, officiated and [illegible] was heard to remark that that [illegible] the hardest fought battles he had ever refereed. A large crowd of rooters was present to cheer their boys to victory. They were [illegible] and impartial in cheering our boys when good plays were made. Huntington was greeted with cheers when they appeared on the floor with their new black and red robes with large H's on the back. These robes will be worn at the Bluffton tournament.

Lineup and Scores.

H. H. S.: Humbert, 11; Stephan, 2; Walknetz, 2; Fs., Cline, 2; C., Kriegbaum, 0; Johnson, 0; Fs., M. H. S.

Referee, Swanzer. Scorers, Conarly and Musser; timekeepers, Griffith and Heckner.

A REQUEST BY OUR NEW TEACHER.

All young ladies in the senior class will here by please quit smiling and winking at me. I AM A MARRIED MAN. This notice also holds good with any junior girls.

WHY WE ARE PROUD OF OUR BASKET BALL TEAM.

The Huntington High School basket ball team had the honor of having the best pair of guards in the tournament. Asa Kriegbaum and Glenn Johnson played like professional men. Harold Walknetz and Ralph Humbert were the most feared men on the floor. The honor of having the best forward on the floor went to the H. H. S last year and so it did this year, Ralph Humbert taking the honor.

Donald Cline and Burton Stephan were considered the cleanest players in the tournament. We should uphold and support that team that fought so gallantly for the best high school in the state.

There's nothing worse
Than this punk verse.
So farewell my love and remember spring
Is followed in June by ding-dong-ding.

ACROPOLIS.

One of the by-products of the Senior class was the weekly paper, the Acropolis. The paper was full of jokes and school spirit and deserved far more support than it gained from the student body.

Calvin Koch, editor for the first fifteen weeks kept the paper up to a very high standard and the last five issues edited by Elma Lininger reached the pinnacle of glory for a paper of this nature.

In spite of many back-sets and lack of enthusiasm Ray Murray managed to break even with a safe margin and made the entire program possible as decided in the first place.

Features of the first paper were the Athletic write-ups, the numerous stories and the columns on health, beauty and advice to the unmarried. The paper was alive in all respects. Altho it was often necessary to copy from exchanges in order to fill out the paper there was very little that was dry and uninteresting.

Special features were the numbers devoted to St. Valentine, Leap Year, Patriotic, Students and Sweet Sixteen. The free Christmas edition was also a big feature. Several of the papers were six and eight page editions altho four pages was the usual number.

Members of the staff are:—

Editors-in-Chief—Elma Lininger, Calvin Koch.
Business Manager—Ray Murray.
Society—Helen Triggs, Mildred Marker.
Literary—Donald Russell.
News—Allan Frost, Senn Ruse.
Athletics—Burton Stephen.

The Famous Hallowe'en Frolic

SOCIETY.

The social season this year has not been so brilliant as in some of the former years. There has only been a sprinkling of parties throughout the school year but these have been spirited ones. Mildred Marker broke the ice and entertained the Seniors. She showed them that the Senior class was deserving of the best and saw to it that they got it. The next one was the Senior hay-rack party to the Amiss school house where an old-fashioned ice-cream social was in progress. They took care of the ice cream, cake, etc., etc., after they arrived, too. Another hay-rack party was that of the "wide awake Sophie class" at the home of Miss Lulu Bonebrake about five miles north of the city. All agreed that the party was a grand success and returned home at a late hour. The Sophomores also enjoyed a social evening at the home of Miss Laura Weaver, October 1, who proved herself a delightful hostess. The Seniors had their usual hilarious time at the school one evening when they played games and ate of delicious refreshments. Miss Louise Ewing entertained the Sophomore class at her home on the evening of October 15, where all declared a delightful evening was spent. This class also had a party at the school house in December, where a great number of them enjoyed themselves immensely. After the second night of the senior play "On the Campus" the cast was entertained by their class at the H. Y. M. A. Here they had a fine chance to become acquainted with the star actors of the class. The evening was spent in singing the song hits of the play. As the big clock standing in the room was stopped no one could say just how late it was when this broke up.

The Juniors and Freshmen were not to be left in the background so they had several little festivities.

Next came the Senior party at Clara Miller's. Every Senior wants to thank her for the fine time they had there.

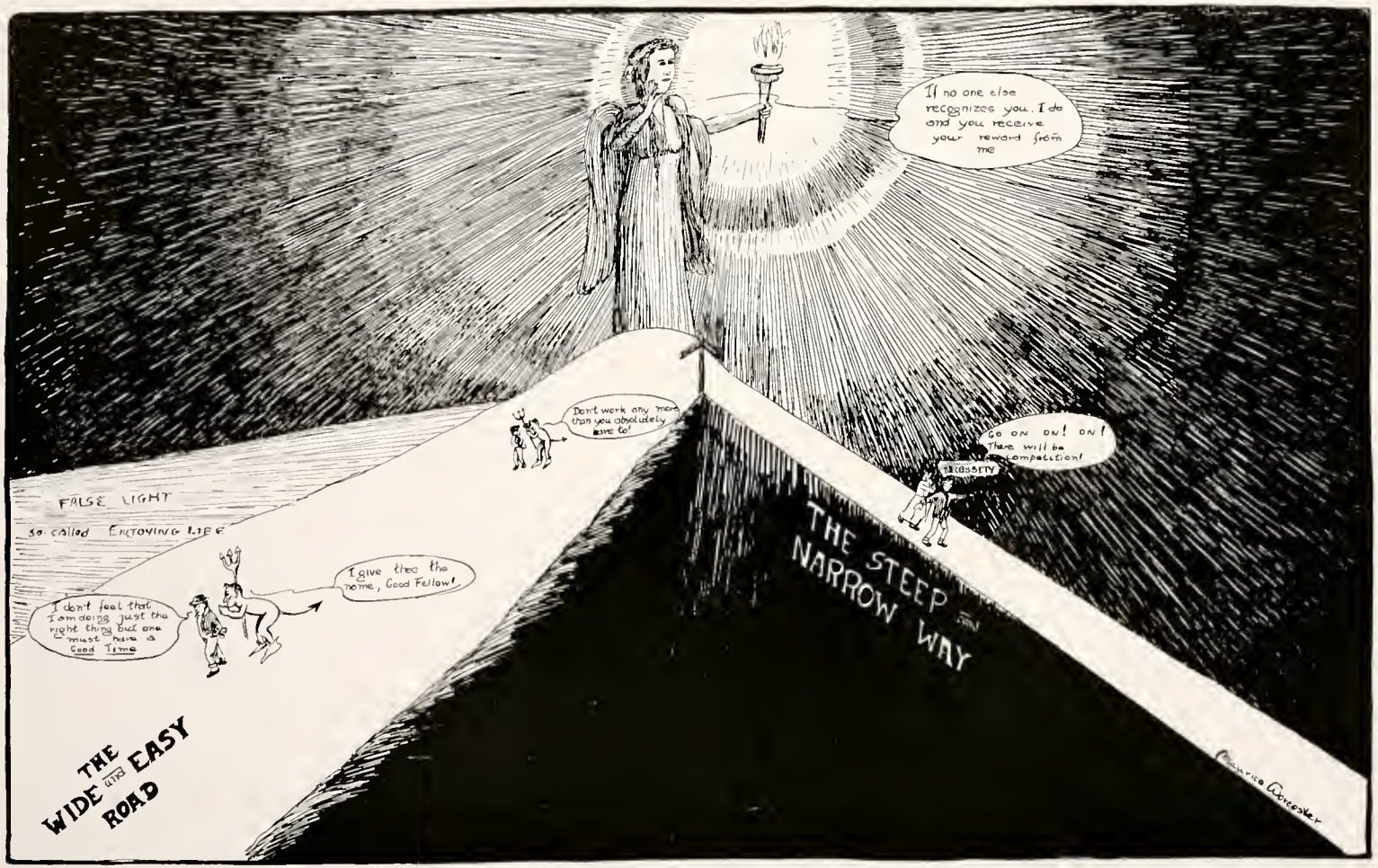
Last of all but by far not least came the annual Junior-Senior reception which was the most brilliant affair of the whole season. The Juniors showed that they could live up to their word and made it the best, most enjoyable one that has been given since the H. S. has been doing this.

"IN LAST YEARS"

The building was old, its bricks were worn,
Its entire aspect was forlorn
Its windows held a vacant stare
Without the life they once held there.
And the balmy east wind heard it sigh
As it lingered sympathetically by,
And this is what he heard it say
In a hollow, mournful sort of way,
"At last my active life is o'er
Voices shall ring through my walls no more.
No more shall youthful laughter sound
Or voices ring from the roof to the ground.
My walls are empty, my halls are bare,
Voiceless is each tottering stair.
I've builded character moulded lives
Aided proud Ambitions' rise.
Upon the indolent frowned I
As they left precious moments by.
And to each oft discouraged lad
I've offered all the strength I've had
I've schooled many honest men,
I've educated thieves with them.
Within my walls love's radiant flame
Has burned full bright in tender game.
Oh, yes I know each phase of life,
Joy and sorrow, work and strife.
I would that human minds could see
The knowledge they have stored in me."
The speaking ceased, the east wind's roar
Re-echoed hollow as before.

—Elma Lininger '16

THE RESPONSE.


If no one else recognizes you, I do and you receive your reward from me
Don't work any more than you absolutely have to!
Go on on! on! There will be competition!
FALSE LIGHT
So-called ENJOYING LIFE
I don't feel that I am doing just the right thing but one must have a Good Time
I give thee the name, Good Fellow!
THE STEEP AND NARROW WAY
THE WIDE AND EASY ROAD

Which road are you taking? Better than happiness is blessedness: the b'esscdness of doing one's work and duty.

THE GULF

FROM A SENIOR'S STANDPOINT.

O Triton, blow thy wreathed horn
Give us a calm and peaceful morn
On which to launch our barge;
Calm those high billows near the shore
Till, compass true, we steer before
Our Hebe's hope so large.

As distance widens from the stand
Oft will our hearts beat for the land
From which we here depart;
But ah! the gulf that opens now
Is one to which we all must bow
The head, the hand, the heart.

Flow on thou steady Stream of Time
In thy rich urn we see sublime
The jewels of the Past
Made richer in these years of youth,
In contact with the light of Truth,
That makes life's hope stand fast.

We feel the thrill of larger life
Gush thru our veins for toil and strife;
But joy is mixed with grief;
Our heart strings gladly do respond
To every hall, with memory fond,
That gave our souls relief.

Benignant skies bend o'er our head.
And hope's bright sun has upward sped,
But this is holy ground;
It is the burning hush that gemmed
A richer world, nor has Fate stemmed
Its light that does abound.

Unbound upon a trackless sea
Where Cylops huge and Sirens be
We take our future course;
Then, scattered far from friendly lands.
O read aright the card that stands,
And guides from all remorse.

And looking down life's quiet years
In silent thot, from hopes and fears,
We think of classmates dear;
And, tho the intervening time
Is long, yet may this artless rime
Be bound from year to year.

O wide howe'er the gulf may be,
The rainbow arch of memory
Can bridge the span of change;
And far down life's western slope
This same arch binds our hearts with hope
Beyond our mortal range.

—C. E. Byers.

LITERARY

Ginger Snaps

"JACK TO THE RESCUE."

JACK CURTIS, a handsome youth of twenty-one, mounted the steps of the North's bungalow. He rang the doorbell and grew very impatient at the maid's delay in opening the door. The door was finally opened and he asked "Is Miss North in?" and handed the maid his card. She answered courteously, "I will inform Miss North of your presence," and ashered him into the adjoining room.

The maid hastened to Miss North's room and announced Jack's presence while Jack in the meantime walked to and fro with impatient strides. Finally he heard a soft tread in the hall and, turned, and beheld Dorothy North in a shimmering white satin gown with a string of pearls about her throat as the sole ornament. Her golden tresses gleamed in the soft rays of the hall light. She appeared more beautiful to Jack than ever before. With a gasp of joy he went forth to meet her with outstretched arms but she, with a funny little grimace, said, "No, Jack, please none of that at present." "Dorothy," he said, "you know I love—I love you more each day."

"Oh, please Jack, let that rest for the present and—for all time. You know that although I love you, I cannot marry you. I want a brave and fearless lover and husband."

"But, Dorothy, do you mean to insinuate that I am a coward?"

"Now, Jack, do not be foolish, you know what I mean. The man I marry must perform some great and heroic act that will receive applause thruout the country. So, you see it would be impossible for me to marry you."

"Is this final?" asked Jack.

"Yes," replied Dorothy.

"Good-bye, I shall trouble you no more," he said and hurriedly left the house. Dorothy called after him, "Good-bye, Jack, I am sorry but it cannot be helped."

While she wiped away a few tears, she crossed the hall and slightly tapped at her father's study door. Hearing his quiet, "Come in," she entered and softly crossing the room kissed him good night and retired. After Dorothy had retired her father remained in his study brooding over his business affairs and smoking a cigarette. He thoughtlessly removed the ashes from the cigarette and they, missing the ash tray, alighted on the thick velvet rug. He ignorant of this, arose, yawned, left the room and retired for the night.

All was dark and silent in the North home. The hall clock laborously struck the hour of midnight. Suddenly the silver tones of the doorbell resounded through the silent house and the footmen, startled from his sleep, dressed hurriedly and answered the summons. He heard the cry, "Fire, fire, fire!"

"Where?" he exclaimed. "Your dwelling is on fire. 'Rouse the inmates," screamed a man in the street. The footman, with frantic haste, made known the situation to his master who hurriedly dressed and. together with the servants, rushed from the burning house.

The flames leaped higher and higher; the heavens all aglow. All was one

bright blaze where darkness had formerly reigned. Mr. North reproached himself for his negligence, for fire had started in his study where he so carelessly but a few house ago had removed the ashes from his cigarette. He lamented his great loss but with a start exclaimed, "Dorothy, oh, where is my child?" The frightened maid rushed to him and screamed, "Oh, master, we have forgotten her," All was then astir. The firemen rushed to and fro; no one offered to save Dorothy. Her father cried, "Will no one rescue my child? I will give my entire fortune to him who saves her." Finally a young man rushed from the gathering throng and with a soft, "I will rescue her," plunged into the burning house. It was Jack, Dorothy's rejected lover.

The flames surrounded him as so many demons as he staggered from room to room. He finally reached her bed chamber, pushed open the door, and entered. He was dazed; he called her by name but received no answer. At last he discovered her lying unconscious before the window and rcognized her by the white gown. Taking her in his strong arms he left the room and, throwing a scarf oyer her face, he again rushed through the flames and smoke where the heat seemed almost unbearable. The smoke was so dense that he could hardly find his way out. The burden in his arms, although very light, seemed to become heavier. He battled with the flame and finally, almost overcome, staggered out of the door. Dorothy, who had regained consciousness during the mad rush out of the building, raised herself up in his arms and exclaimed, "Jack, my hero, my brave lover, I love you. I will marry you tomorrow," and with a contented little sigh she sank again into his arms. —Mary Kindler.

IN THE SHADOWS

In the mystic region of shadows,
Where darker shadows fall,
In the region of Lethian darkness
Black cypresses grow tall.
Where Styx flows slow and sombre
Too horrible for men
With heavy step and blinded eyes
I grope in that dark fen.
And more than mortal man could wring
From hearts of blackest woe,
Tho filled with hemlock, wormwood, gall
I suffer, black below.
Because from out this mystic land
Ghoul-haunted, in despair
I see, thru shades, celestial light,
See light but go not there.

C. Emory Byers.

A FAIRY STORY.

NCE upon a time there was a very beautiful princess, so lovely was she in face and form that all the princes of the land came to pay tribute to her. And as they bowed before the throne of gold to kiss the fair white hand she had extended to them, and as she listened to the praises and whispered words of love, she smiled. What were their words? Only a repetition of the language she always heard addressed to her.

Being a most human princess she often squirmed about in her polished throne and tapped its carved arms impatiently with her restless fingers dismissing many a knight who pressed a tiresome suit too strongly.

So on this certain day the princess had suppressed three prodigious yawns behind her ivory fan, sighed wearily and then sprang suddenly to her feet with a force that sent the ardent prince staggering backward. "Enough! Away!" she cried, and turning, fled from the room.

Once within the shelter of her private court two clenched fists wildly beat her breast while her lips parted to the one syllable, "Oh."

This sound of distress from their mistress brought all her ladies to her side.

"My Minister," she cried. "And tell my father, the king, that I am not to be disturbed."

The minister came and, bending low above her hand, began "My beautiful" —"O hush," exclaimed the princess, "I would—I could become a green-eyed monster that I might live in peace. Tell me, is there no man in all my father's kingdom who will say that I am not beautiful?"

The old man shook his hoary locks and murmured "Only one, and he will die at sunset. A poor miller's lad who dares dispute the word of all the knights."

"It is he," then said the princess, "whom I wish to see. Bring him to me at once"

And the old minister wonderingly obeyed. She had made strange demands before and carried out strange plans but this was extraordinary.

But the poor miller's son was brought before the princess. He was a handsome lad, tall and straight, equally as admirable as the ardent princes; and the jaunty scarlet feather from his cap (there is always a scarlet feather in a miller's son's cap) left a permanent impression upon the sensitive plate somewhere in the brain of the princess.

She was both amused and interested for this handsome lad, although he doffed his cap graciously did not grovel as the princes had done, and there was a frank sparkle in the eyes that met her's which she liked quite well indeed.

The princess leaned forward and smiled upon this strange miller boy. "They tell me," she said, "that you have dared the words of princes."

"You have been well informed," answered the lad.

"But," continued the princess, "I have never before seen you. How could you state your opinion on so little authority?"

"That you have not seen me is true," the lad's head was held high, "yet every day you pass me on the highway."

"And do all the peasants," asked the princess, "hold this opinion of me?"

"They say," returned the lad, "that you are fair; fairer than any lady of the land."

"Is that not beauty?" asked the princess.

The sparkle in the lad's eyes died. He shook his head seriously and sadly. "Oh no," he said. "Not to us who live and work. Do you know what beauty is? It is a result, not a means. It is the result of love, of work, of sacrifice. It is not a gift. It is a reward. It is a recompense ,a humble payment in exchange for sympathy, for sorrow and for toil. It comes from human understanding, from kindness and from service." He paused.

"Go on," she breathed. "Go on and tell me more."

"You," he said, "You have lived, yes, but how? All your life you slept on beds of rose leaves, uselessly letting day by day slip by. You have known no pain, no care, no toil. You think but of yourself, you, the ruler of a people, you looked upon for strength, and help and kindness, yet insensible to every voice about you. Your soul, your highness, needs awakening, so does your heart, to a higher plane of feeling, to a broader field of understanding. You need experience, you need to see life as others see it. You do not know happiness for you have never seen sorrow. You are a woman but your woman's heart lies sleeping; behind the fairness of your face lies no emotion, you are living a weary life yet right within your reach lies one of fullness and of beauty."

The cheeks of the princess grew flooded, her lips parted. "You are right," she said. How or why you dare to pour these truths upon me, I do not know. Do not fear, you shall not die at sunset, instead I make this one demand of you; that you will lead me to my people."

The miller's son fell upon his knees and bowed his head. "You need but speak, your highness," he said.

And so through the months that came the princess lived among her people, toiled and rested with them, laughed and sang and sorrowed and into the depths of her soul there crept that bond of feeling that drew them closer to her.

Her fair white hands were busy easing pain, her eyes grew deep with frequent tears of sympathy, her words were those of kindness and her heart awoke and grew with the love for all her people.

And so she called the miller's lad and with full smiling lips and laughing, said, "Am I now beautiful?"

"Beautiful?" he answered. "On, more than that, you seem divine, you lack but one thing more and that is love. Were I a prince—"

"You shame yourself with such a title," answered she. "Yet you more than all the rest deserve the crown I have saved for you. Set out upon your quest and bring to me the one remaining element I lack."

But the quest was soon completed for its object had long since been found and carefully laid aside until the proper time should come.

And so the beautiful princess and the newly-made prince lived happily ever after.

—Elma Lininger.

WHICH?

EY! Dick, Wanted at the phone," yelled the office boy.

Slowly Dick got up and walked across his uncle's law office to the telephone.

"Hello! Y-e-s!! Anyone else going to be there Meb? Oh well; I'll come; 'bout what time? All right, s'long."

"Shucks," said Dick, "if that doesn't beat the Jews. That aged maiden certainly has her nerve."

Dick had been studying law in his uncle's office for nearly two years. Now when his business was demanding all his time, Mable Harris had to appear and fall in love with him. Really Dick didn't have time for a love affair, moreover he had always disliked old maids.

As Dick Martin sat there thinking of the woman he had just been talking to, he noticed a country newspaper from Wyoming, lying on the desk. He picked it up, and glancing casually over it, saw a peculiar "ad." in one corner.

"Wanted—A husband—by a girl with blue eyes and brown curly hair. Address, Winifred Powers, Burnt Fork, Wyoming."

He read this strange "ad." two or three times; then took up his pen, paused a moment and was lost.

Dick attended the dinner party that evening, in better spirits than usual and paid such undivided attention to Mable Harris that she felt sure she was winning him.

Our hero spent the next few days in anxiously awaiting a letter from Burnt Fork.

At last his anxiety was relieved, for sure enough here was a letter from Burnt Fork. Dick didn't seem to notice that the handwriting was rather stiff and cramped, also very old-fashioned; for the contents of the letter were enough to stir the emotions of a grandfather.

Of course Dick was delighted with this first letter from the little blue-eyed girl out west. But he neglected to tell his friends of the daring adventure, until one day Tom happened to be in the office when the letter from Burnt Fork arrived and with that letter came a photograph of Winifred. This gave the whole affair away and Dick was only too glad to explain, if only Tom would promise not to tell Mable.

Dick did not care to choose as his wife a woman old enough to be his mother; but as it was leap year he stood a pretty good chance of being married. Already his friends had begun to ask him where he was going to live, "On Fifth avenue or Madison?"

At last he got tired of it all and as Mable was eager to be settled at once, he got permission from his uncle to take a vacation. The attraction towards Burnt Fork was so great, he decided to go west.

When he left he said, he "was going to be gone six weeks." He wired Winifred to meet him. Surely he must be in love with the little western girl for

he could hardly wait to see her and every mile that the train passed over seemed to be longer than the one before it. At last he gave himself up to picturing Winifred as he thot she would look. The most fascinating picture that he could imagine of her was one where she would be standing by the platform in a riding-habit, a broad-rimmed hat in her hand and the bridle rein of her pony over her arm, waiting for him. At last he was in the state of Wyoming; now it would not be long until he saw his future wife.

It was just beginning to grow dusk when the train stopped at Burnt Fork and there sure enough by the platform stood the little blue-eyed girl that he had come clear from New York to marry.

He eagerly got off the train and approached the silent figure on the platform. But after his first eager exclamation he retreated a few steps and stood staring. For before him stood a woman about forty-five years old, with brown hair that had never thot of curling—but she had blue eyes.

Dick stood where he was and in an icy tone inquired where he would find Winifred Powers. Then for the first time the silent figure of the woman spoke, "I am Winifred Powers, and you are Dick Martin, from New York. How soon are we going to be married?"

"You?" said Dick, but got no further; he was too utterly dumbfounded to say more. When the ticket-agent came out Dick Martin meekly asked, when the next train east went thru Burnt Fork. After being told, he said he would wait right there for it.

Then turning to the woman he said, "I hope you have enjoyed your adventure, and making a fool out of me."

During the trip home Dick came to the conclusion that "Meb" wasn't half bad and had lots of money—so why not? —Frances Tucker.

Our Mutual Friend

A DOSE OF SCHOOL SPIRIT.

Rah! rah! rah!, rah! rah! rah!, rah! rah! rah!, Peerson! Peerson! Peerson! Peerson! An excited group of boys had gathered on Durford college green and were lustily cheering Professor Peerson, who had won the hearts of the boys almost the first week of school. He was their champion in anything they undertook, always sympathized with them in their troubles, and, rejoiced in their joys. "A regular sport," the boys called him.

Professor Mathers, a young man just entering on his career as a general assistant in Durford College and at the present time a teacher of Psychology, was sitting at his desk in his study trying to figure out one of the numerous questions that the boys mischievously poured to him. His next years position and his salary depended on his success this year, and so far it had been almost a failuure. Just a few minutes before President Deens had stopped and tried to cheer him up. He too ,realized that Mathers was not making good, yet God only knew what an effort he was putting forth. How he longed to tell the girl back home all about it but she was too far away to see her. If he could only get that increase in salary the next year he would live in a neat little house on Clinton Hill, instead of two small rooms in Horton hall.

At the sound of the cheers outside he bit his lips, "came back to earth" and walked to the window overlooking the college grounds. Lovely scenery would have met the eyes of any other person, but he only saw some boys grouped around Professor Peerson. They were talking, but Mathers could not hear their suppressed voices. Their faces showed plainly that they were interested in what Peerson was saying. Quietly then, they all left the place, and proceeded in different directions.

Mathers heaved a sigh and again began his musing. He began to realize that he had no hold on the boys. They used him as a tool in their hands. He stood staring down at the spot they had just vacated wondering what had been their topic of conversation. Probably some athletic stunt that was going to come off in a few days. He would have given anything to be invited to some of these conferences. But he was not, no one ever thought of Mathers. He was a teacher, had no life in him, and although he was young he did not understand boys, that was the boys opinion of him. When they met him on the street they were courteous and gentlemanly, more so than in the class room. He almost pitied himself and even occasionally thought of giving up, but every time he pulled himself together and determined to stick it out. He was growing pale and in fact was fast loosing life. In two months he had changed from a confident, red blooded youth to a tired, worn-out looking man.

All this rushed onto him in a torrent as he gazed down at the brown grass. Could he stand it for seven more months? He thought not at his present rate. Something must happen and that quickly. But what it would be he did not know. The rest of the afternoon he prepared lessons and graded papers, but his thoughts were all centered on his failure to measure up to the standard. When the bell rang for supper he went down listlessly with no healthy appetite. Taking his accustomed place at the table, he ate a little, changed a few remarks with the boys concerning the weather and then lapsed into silence. The boys

talked about their probabilities of winning the next basket ball game but never once addressed a remark to Mathers. He just wasn't one of them and that was all there was to it. After putting in a dull half hour he made his way to his room and then listened to the boys preparing to study. Doors banged, and then after a few moments of chair moving all was quiet. There had always been an hour of play on the campus after the evening meal.

After a couple of hours of mingled thought and study he was roused by footsteps along the corridor and the next instant some one knocked on the door. Before he had time to open his door a cheery voice cried out, "Very busy, Mathers? and his door was unceremoniously opened, revealing a youth with cap in hand and clad in a huge sweater.

Mathers was just about to become angry and cross but being ready for almost any sort of company, he smiled and said, "Never too busy, to talk a few minutes; come on in James and tell me what you want." He tried to seem easy and cheerful but his words were forced and dull.

Seemingly taking no notice of this James Lloyd stepped into the room and declining a chair which the professor placed for him said rather excitedly, "Better get into your trotting harness Mr. Mathers and come along with me over to the 'gym'. If you have some old clothes and a sweater handy you might put them on. No don't say you can't go, its just seven thirty now and we won't be gone long. Some of the fellows want to fix the place up a bit and we have to have some professor with us. Hurry up now and get ready quick."

Mathers rather dazedly walked into his little bedroom and began pulling clothes out of his trunk. In the very bottom he found an old jersey and cap. Next came a pair of corduroy trousers. Looking at them rather ruefully he decided that he had better hurry.

In the meantime "Jim" had made himself quite at home in the cozy little study. Innocently picking up a piece of paper his eyes changed to follow a kodak picture of a girl. On the back was written "June to Hazelton." "Must be a close friend of Mathers he mused. Wonder how close? Hum, "My own dear Dicky." His eyes were resting on the heading of a letter, and with a feeling of guilt he slyly turned over the sheet and there was scribbled, "Now cheer up Dick and try real hard to master those mischievous boys.

Hazel; "Now what do you know about that? A girl in the case and our making it all the harder for him. It has just got to stop. Poor fellow, he does look like a dried up mummy. Rising he swung through light back and forth three times. In the gym, a few rods away another light flashed and then again he resumed his seat. Just in time too, for Mathers, but an entirely different Mathers from what Jim had ever seen stood in the doorway. In place of his trim well-tailored school room clothes were the corduroy trousers and jersey sweater. His cap was stuck jauntily on the side of his head and he did not look tired. "Now if this suits requirements I'm ready James."

"You're all right now, but call me Jim, James puts me in mind of Psychology."

All right Jim but what are you going to do?

Slyly reaching up Jim gave the light another swing and then innocent as

anybody could he prepared to follow Mathers from the room. They left the hall by a direct descent and Mathers did not notice that the lights were all out. Three other boys, dressed rather roughly met them at the steps and being introduced respectfully as "Red" Sites, "Doc" Smith and "Shorty" Mitten, they proceeded towards the gymnasium

Mathers wondered all the time what it was about, but the boys seemed quite natural and treated him as a boy of their own age. "You see Mr. Mathers we're going to have the ball game of the season next Saturday and this "gym" must be cleaned up a little bit so that we can entertain our guests quite royally". They were entering the building now and "Red" Sites was talking. "Milton High is coming with a bunch of rooters. Prexy said that we might come tonight if some one would come along. It's a scary place at the best and even is reported to be haunted. They used to bring freshies over here to initiate them but don't do it any more, I guess. Faculty stopped it."

They were inside now and once in they began work with brooms to clear the floor, Mathers being ordered around by Jim in a very official way. He was too dazed to know very much of his surroundings. The steady swish of brooms and the talking and laughing of the boys gradually brought him back to his college spirit and he pretended he was again a Yale basket ball player. Only last year he had won honors but none of these fellows knew it.

A sudden loud explosion interrupted this train of thought and then a sound as of rattling chains and loud shrieks. All stood still for a few moments and then in the dim further end of the hall ghostly figures began to appear. The four boys stood as if rooted to the spot. Mathers, broom in hand, grew pale and red alternately. What did it mean. Nothing like this could be explained. That host of quiet ghostlike figures in the hall. Silently then, "Jim" left the room, then "Red", followed in the same steathly manner by "Shorty" and "Doc" Mathers did not hear them go. In a few moments some of that motley crowd went back into the dressing rooms only to issue with a long coffin like box with a girl walking beside it, weeping. They were chanting in a mournful dirge,

"Our young professor of Psychology
Was worried until quite dead,
It was a pity croaks an old wise owl,
Really he had a good head.
Mathers stood with staring eyes and straining.
His little Hazel alone did mourn
For this young Prof. of ours,
And turned upon us her eyes of scorn,
Because we sent books for flowers.

After several repetitions of this the procession ceased and retraced their steps. The boys steathily returned to their places and then one by one the ghosts disappeared. Breathing somewhat more freely Mathers stole a glance at his companions. They stood apparently unchanged and in the same position. Determined to hang onto his nerve Mathers cried out to hurry up or it would be rather late before they got back to the hall, in as steady as voice as he could command. He began with geat vim to sweep and tried his best to seem uncon-

cerned. He talked of basket ball and imagined that he was comforting the boys to some extent. Finally the entire hall was clean and one of the boys grabbing a ball declared that he would be the first one the floor. In a quick flash Mathers was at his side and in another had the ball and passed it with a clean throw right through the basket. In the skirmish that followed he showed the boys some of his real ability and did not notice the crowd of spectators at the doors. Another loud explosion and again all was attention. The lights went out and a piercing shout rent the air.

Rah! rah! rah!, rah! rah! rah, rah! rah! rah!, Mathers! Mathers! Mathers! When the lights were again turned on the room was inhabited with a number of boys all wearing soft shoes and dressed in queer fashion. In one brief moment the truth flashed on Mathers mind and he began to laugh, a hearty good laugh, such a one as he had not indulged in for the past two months. He saw through the whole situation.

The boys realized that he was killing himself with too much books and not enough common sense. He realized that he had not been on the right track to success, but what troubled him was how on earth those boys found out about Hazel. He had not been true to her, cooping himself up, he now knew. His moments were cut short by a slap on the back and a jolly voice owned by Mr. Peerson was saying, "You're a brick Mathers, didn't know you had that kind of stuff. I would have been running pell mell for the security of my room had anything like that been shown me. You just put a little more time in the 'gym' and on the green with the boys and you'll be better off. Why man: you will have mental stagnation and physical decay in another month. Come now, promise that you will help out a little with athletics."

"Of course I will if you really want me but I sort of had an idea that you didn't. Now listen and I'll tell you something. Last year I won honors on the Yale five, the famous 'Dick Mathers.' I've just ached for the ball all year but thought it was below my dignity. But how on earth did you find out about Hazel," he blurted out.

"I suppose I'll have to confess, Mr. Mathers. I saw her picture in your study and read the ending of her letter, Is she-er-Are you—aw Are you going to marry her? She looks like a peach." Jim Lloyds was the speaker and he finished with so much emphasis that every one laughed.

When the excitement had subsided, Mathers looked and then in his former Yale manner said, "You just bet your boots she's a peach and if every thing goes all right she'll be a mistress of a cottage on Clinton Hill next winter and you can all come and see us. In the meantime we will all get to work and take the scalps of Milton High next Saturday. Four days to work in. Now, we must get back and get a night's rest:

After several loud cheers the whole company returned to Norton Hall and in his den once more Mathers fell to musing. "Guess I was on the wrong track all the time and didn't know it. I just feel new life in my bones now and those boys are a good sort. Guess it was my fault all the time. Well I'm tired and sleepy, but I guess I'll write a note to Hazel and tell her to get ready for the cottage on the hill."

—Grace Carr.

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED.

GLEN LEWIS had not been very well acquainted with his Uncle Frank, in fact, it had been so many years since they had last met that they were quite strangers when he came to visit Glen for a few days one summer. It was the summer before Glen was to enter high school, and he was very much elated over the prospects of being a Freshman.

When, in the course of the conversation Uncle Frank asked Glen how he liked school, he replied that he liked nothing better, and that it was his great aim to work his way through college. He then displayed his report cards, showing that he had graduated from the graded school with honors. His uncle said nothing then, but he was so impressed with his nephew's politeness, respect and love of learning that he told Glen before he left, that if he would win a letter or track medal in athletics before he graduated from high school, he would put him through the first year at college.

When informed of the offer Glen was so surprised, pleased and excited that he scarcely knew what he was doing. He had never been much of an athlete, though he had been on the grade school base ball team. Nevertheless, he resolved to start training that very day and not to stop till he had his "H" or his medal. Glen knew it would be much more of an honor, and would be a great deal harder to win the medal. Yet he had never cared as much for track as he did for base ball and basket ball, so he was uncertain as to which one he wanted to make his aim. Finally he decided to try out for everything in the athletic line in the school, thinking he would surely make some team. He was far too light for the foot ball team, but he was so faithful in attending the practices that he never missed one till the team was chosen. He didn't even find a place on the scrub team that fall, but he was not discouraged in the least, for he knew that he was not built for a good foot ball player and he realized that the time spent was far from wasted. Glen tried out on every team the school had that year, including track, but failed to make any of them.

Nevertheless he was far from downhearted and resolved to do better the next year. But the following fall, he had to enter the much dreaded Caesar class, and while he was splendid in most lines of work, he was not what might be termed a "Latin shark," and so at the end of the first month the coach informed him that he was disqualified from entering any athletic team that term. When he was told that, Glen began to feel a little discouraged, and the more he thought the blacker the situation grew. He felt that if he wasn't able to make good enough grades to be eligible to athletics he wouldn't care to go to college anyway. But after a few more days had passed he felt a little more like himself, and resolved to conquer Caesar or die in the attempt. So he spent more time on his lessons than he had ever spent before ,but he had been letting them lapse for such a long time that he found it very difficult to pick them up so suddenly. Nevertheless he studied till he thought he was seeing light in the matter of ablative absolutes and other troubles.

By the time the thoughts of the pupils were turning to spring and the annual

track meet, Glenn had regained all he had lost, enough to try out for track. But as he had never cared much for track, he somehow could not put his whole soul into it as he could into base ball or basket ball, and so he didn't make much of a showing. He tried out on all the high jump but failed to get a place on the team. But, Glen thought, I have two more years, so all hope is not lost yet.

But the next year, when he failed to make any team for the third time, he began to feel a little bit discouraged. He thought he must be a pretty poor athlete to try out three times for nearly every team and not get on one. But he was making a name for himself nevertheless. The coach said to the principal one day near the end of Glen's third year, "Glen Lewis has more determination than any other boy in school and it's a shame he can't see results, by making some team."

"I understand the boy has been promised a year in college by his uncle if he wins a letter or track medal. I surely would like to see him do it," replied the principal.

"I had never heard that," said the coach surprised. He must be keeping it to himself for fear of not making it. But I am going to study that boy and see what he is fitted for and then give him special help till he makes it."

So the next fall, the coach called Glen into his office and told him that he was not fitted for football, and he advised him to spend his time practicing mile or half mile runs or something that he might stand a better show at winning. Glen asked him if he thought he could get a place on the basket ball team, and the coach told him that he could try, but he doubted it very much.

So, instead of going out to foot fall practise that fall, Glen made it a practise to run a mile or so every evening after school. He kept this up till snow was on the ground, and the coach called for basket ball candidates. Glen was on deck, but failed to make a position, owing to the fact that four of the players who were on the team the year before were still in school. So he contented himself by running on the indoor course at the gym, and practising what other indoor work he could till the snow was off the ground and then he resumed his outdoor running. By the time base ball was thought of, he had developed such a liking for running and was in such fine shape that the coach advised him to let base ball drop as they had a splendid team that spring anyway, and keep up his running.

So by the time for the track team try-out Glen was in such good shape that he easily outstripped everyone else, and was put on as best man in the mile run. When the eventful day arrived and the team and the rooters started for Lesterville, where the meet was to be held, Glen was so excited that he could hardly sit still. As he walked about the field that afternoon with a large red blanket on which a large black 'H' on the back, he felt as if it were all a dream, and when the mile run was announced, he ran quickly to his place, ready to be off at the shot.

The course was a half-mile one, and when the pictol shot rang out he started at a good, steady gait and kept the lead nearly once around, but just before Glen reached the grand stand, a runner from another school sprinted for a few yards, and took the lead. When Glen saw he was dropping to second place, he deter-

mined not to sprint, but gradually regain the lead which he did at about the hundred yard mark. Then the boy who now found himself in second place sprinted, and as soon as Glenn realized what was happening, he pulled himself together, and sprinted, as he never could have done if he had had an easy lead. The two runners ran abreast till they came to within two or three feet of the tape, when Glen gave a lurch forward and fell into his blanket, the victor.

When he had been rubbed, till he felt a little like himself his old friend the coach came up to him and shook his hand heartily, saying, "Success in your college career, old top," and was off. —Allan Barnhart, 1917.

FRESHMEN

The part we play in school is small
As Freshmen we appear;
But you'll admit that, but for us
The place would be extremely drear;

'Cause great amusement we afford,
For each and every one;
Because we are so very green
The rest have all the fun.

We stumble awkwardly up stairs
The rooms we oft mistake,
We step upon the Seniors toes
Then speedy exit take.

We're only Freshmen now, but soon
The Sophomore class we hope to gain
Then Juniors next, and after that
We'll Seniors be; supreme we'll reign.

We'll print a paper every week
We'll give a play, and wear our rings,
We'll have our parties, spreads and stunts
And do a thousand other things.

But while our Class will honored be
When its Modulus is seen
We're sure 'twill be no better
Than the class of old '16.

—Edith Van Antwerp, '17

SADIE AND ELI.

IRANDY went down to the city village of Hoodooville to take her trading to town. After entering one of the main shops and handing over her trading she met her old school-mate chum Susan, and this little chat was heard by one of the News-reporters of that town.

"Well, Mirandy", says Susan, "it seems as how we're to have a nice day today. I just told Amos as I would like to go to see Sadie and Eli, but you know Eli is so—such an ill-sorted man and he does treat Sadie like as how she was his slave."

" 'Pears to me, as I heard Samson Bluebird 'spress the same idear," intruded Mirandy.

" T'other day Eli says to Sadie, "Sadie you got the livin' to make yer know I git kinder tired seein' yer settin' round the fire every time I cum in the door. Now I will do something fer ye. Ye can take in Kindlewood's and Amos' and Mirandys' washing and I'll pack them both ways fer ye.

"Sadie can't do my wash fer I aint got much and we're tryin' to find a place ter move ter, an' yer can't save and git your wash done out, and I wouldn't help Eli out nohow fer when Amos ast him to help with puttin' out the crops he says he's got the rheumatism and next day he told old Ben Boltendoor as he had an awful attact of his heart this past gone week and we're all knew all along he had spring fever since last fall or a few years 'fore that so I don't see no use helping him."

"Well yer see he buys Timothys' hay seed fer his chickens ter eat, and it pays us in hand ter help him so he will patronize Timothys' hay seed," Susan said emphatically.

"Well maybe that's the way yer feel, but when I try ter treat him nice I just can't when I think as how he did Amos in the spring."

"Were there anything else fer ye today Mrs. Wagonmire?" intruded the clerk."

Oh! no not today, were just remarking how nice Sadie and Eli get along together," said Mirandy.

"I see", the clerk answered very intelligently as well as uncomprehendingly.

"Come and see me now Mirandy", Susan said as she moved on to gossip with a new approaching neighbor.

"Yes now Susan you come, don't wait fer Amos and I because were poor hands to go any place 'cause its always late till we git our chores up evenings", and she bowed very pleasantly to Eli who was just entering the shop store and hurried on to finish her trading.

—Minta Skinner.

WHERE THE MOVIE THRILLS COME FROM

By Ben

REEL I

The sheriff slowly dropped his hand. The shining six-shooter dropped and the desperate bandit looked in vain for a way of escape. He was trapped at last. Elevating his hands high above his head he allowed himself to be searched. When he was securely locked and bound the heroine lovingly twined her arms about the rugged neck of her cowboy lover and allowed herself to be thickly plastered over with any number of circular white circles which were followed by the legend, "Keep your seats. Next show in two minutes."

'Rats," says I, likewise, "Darn It." I don't like this kind of rotten pictures. Why in thunder don't they get sumthin' new? Why I have seen this same identical thing sixteen times since Saturday."

"I agree with you," says my companion, whom we will invest with the euphonious cognomen of Runty Spivins, "but what the dickens else do you reckon they could have?"

"Well," says I, "I don't like this sob-stuff. And I reckon they soon run out of these dramatized novels. They're old anyway. And as for slap stick comedy—Charley Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle, etc.—Rotten."

"I'll bet you a dollar—"

"Ten decent picture shows—"

"That I can find more real adventure right here in Huntington county than you've seen in movies for the past eight months."

"Taken. You can't do it."

"All right, we'll see," my companion rejoined. "Tomorrow at 3:30."

REEL II

The next day being a Friday night naturally knocked out all our previous expectations. The weather was hot as thunder for early spring, so what do we does but march due west along the Wabash to divest ourselves of our attire and try the cooling effects of the amphibious art.

Well we crossed a railroad bridge and as we got in the middle, Toot! toot! honk! honk! ding! ding! or however else your poetic fancy wishes to represent the all too rapid advent of a slow freight.

We climbed over the top of the structure, slides down about twenty feet of more or less rough rock and finds ourself on a small island covered over with dead reeds and rusty lookin' driftwood.

Well we does as aforesaid and soon finds ourselves in current about forty per. No swimmin' to it. No sir! You can't no more get your little finger under the water than you could stop a mill race with a size 7 shoe.

Well we naturally goes down stream about 500 yards and, naturally has to walk back on shore to about three times as far above stream as we were below the startin' point. And it was some soft job. Honestly if the bad man had tried himself he couldn't have put more thorns and switches and barbed wire entanglements in said stretch of territory. Why the allies could go thru the

Germans' lines at Ypres like a knife through sugar compared to that place. And when we got up yonder we tried to swim back and managed to grab a couple weeds on the lower end of said island. And cold—We marched straight home.

REEL III

That evening the post-season basket-ball game had the Roanoke game beat six miles and kicked a drum into that with Fort Wayne a year ago.

But trouble hadn't started yet.

REEL IV

Next morning bein' Saturday the sun rose about 9 A. M. But there was Runty. "Pack up your noon day feed," he hollers, "an be down to my house in fifteen minutes." I was.

We went wanderin' out along the road about four miles, climbs a hill at an angle of about 89 degress, 30 minutes, and finds ourselves in the forest primeval, and no jokin' about it.

Squinty had a soft nosed revolver. And he hadn't gone more than about thirty paces till he blazed away.

Now I ain't holdin' it against Squinty. But I did think he was mighty all-fired set at jumpin at conclusions. For Johnny Ground-Hog greatly resembled a little black kitty with a white stripe down his back.

The funeral was postponed on account of we hadn't anything to wear.

But law me. We aint done yit. Long comes a fellow and tells us this is a ramforin-us pelly-what-you-call-it-buck-us—a new variety. And, he smacks down 100 bucks on the spot. Well I know he was right cause if any one had got on the windward side of us or it, whee-ew. Let's go.

I thot that was enough for one afternoon. But Runty says no. Squinty agrees. So we walk on carrying our fortunes with the gun trained right on it.

Then let me introduce old nany-pig and her family of piglets. Also the rest of the family. In fact the whole dog-gone family. Fresh out of the swamp.

Why the attraction I don't know, but our hero next appears across two barbed wire fences in an awfulness of sticky wild blackberry vines.

But I ain't give up yet. Not by a long shot, so on I travels, and finds the rest of the gang.

"Next" says Runty." We go down by the river again."

Well there on the bank were two as pretty little blue and white strings of creation as you ever see. And we marched right up to make 'em wriggle cause Squinty says the only poisonous variety was the rattler, and these have neither red sky pieces nor tin bottoms.

Well we thrash in and out a bunch of muck and mud until we find one place that caves in and of course it was me. The crust was about two inches thick, and nice soft spongy mud full of dead turtles, snails, and fishes.

They hauled me out with a two inch cord.

"Then," says I, "let's travel."

REEL V

"Runty" says I, "Let's go and see 'Netty's wooing.' Its sob-stuff. But gee whiz, we've had enough adventure." —Donald Russell.

JOKE AND PUNISHMENT DIVIDED.

LL over the country Tom and Jack were known as the two most uncontrolable boys any one had ever heard of, as the two headed the list of all pranks. They always knew everything too, strange to say, and were always found seemingly innocent of having done anything wrong. Everywhere one went one heard "It was those Carson boys," or "I saw Tom Carson hanging around." Over and over again one could hear "Well, if he was my boy I'd show him!" or "I don't see what his father means" or "I guess it runs in the family because I knew their father when he was young."

They and their pranks were the main topic at the Ladies Aid Society and the Quilting Bee; their poor mother was scorned, while their father secretly planned and joined them in their unusual amusement.

The country school master, Jacop Moser, known to the scholars as Ichobod's second, too often fell unfortunate object to their fun. He had profited by experience and had become well on to their tricks and always kept two great hickory poles behind the door for one special reason, which I suppose I might safely call the "Carson reason."

When my story starts, school is in session. The teacher is toiling (not industriously however) with his eyes on the board to draw a map. All is quiet, when suddenly something thuds and hits the board close to the teacher's ear. Yes, there was a big wet spot on the board and a dirty looking wad on the floor.

The teacher dons his severest look and turns to the pupils. All are studying diligently. Even Tom, who spent most of his time looking around. "Jack Carson!" he yelled so loudly that everyone jumped.

Jack sat in his seat with his head on his arms with his geography before him, asleep. But at the sound of the teacher's melodious voice he awoke from his peaceful slumbers and gazed about him. Everyone was looking at him.

"You threw that paper wad!" roared the teacher, pointing to the board. Then Jack saw the mark and was. He looked at the teacher and said, "Did I? I dreamed I was hunting monkeys in Africa. Made a perty good hit, didn't I?"

At this the teacher flew in a rage and he almost flew back to Jack's desk. The laughter had ceased and the excitement began. He took ahold of Jack's ears and jerked him up and down on the seat. Then he presents Jack with a healthy slap on his mouth. He gave himself time to cool down and said, "You have commited double crime and now I am ready for your apology." Jack looked up at the master, then at Tom and stuck his hand down in the aisle where the teacher couldn't see it and waved it vigorously to Tom. Then he put it to his mouth next to his ears and jerked them away quickly as though he had touched a hot iron and gave a sharp whistle, picked up a book and began to fan his face.

This enraged the teacher still more. He walked up to the door, got the hickory limb and demanded Jack to come to the front of the room. Jack cast a meaning glance at Tom and slowly sauntered to the teacher's desk. The

teacher took him by the shoulder and said calmly, "Are you ready to apologize for what you have done? Are you sorry?"

Jack stood a while moving nervously first on one foot then on the other with his eyes on the floor. He soon became encouraged because he heard a faint giggle from behind and knew that Tom was on guard so he said still looking at the paper wad "Yes I'm sorry! Sorry I missed you! Then he grabbed ahold of the teacher's coat and hung on for dear life. The teacher had lifted the stick and was endeavoring to reach Jack's body with it, but as he turned to to hit him Jack was flying around him. Soon however he got him in a corner and just as he thought he had him the stick came against the window with such force that it broke the glass and a piece flew against the teacher's face cutting a deep gash across his mouth.

This frightened Jack and he quickly released his hold on the teachers coat and stood far away enough to be touched by the stick if the teacher chose to finish his job but the teacher didn't choose. He threw the stick down, sent Jack to his seat and carefully wrapped the towel around his head across his mouth and dismissed the school.

Jack and Tom were the first ones out and they hurried quickly home. As it happened it was the teacher's week at the Carsons. The boys explained all to their father before the teacher told his side, feeling sure that the father would take their part. The father considered the teacher's mistake quite a joke and did it justice.

That night seemed to be the boy's night out for they were'nt seen until supper and as soon as they had eaten they quickly disappeared again.

As the teacher ascended the stairs to retire he heard continued giggles coming from the boy's room across the hall from his own.

When the boys heard, him all became quiet. They heard him try to light the dampened matches. Then they heard him cross the room to where the only chair in his room stood. Then they heard a splash and a crash. All became suddenly quiet. Yes it is true, he sat in the tub of water. Next is heard four bare feet hurrying down stairs and the door slams on them. The enraged teacher demands a light and half hour later the boys silently creep to their room. The teacher is still heard walking about the room.

The boys locked their door quietly, stole into bed. All went well the rest of the night. But the boys didn't as yet seem satisfied.

Next morning they arose early, even before the school teacher. They hurried out and didn't come in until breakfast was nearly over.

Tom came in carrying an armful of wood and just as he was passing behind Jacob Moser he stumbled and let his wood drop. He stooped and took an unusual long time picking it up again but he had to take a long time to get the pigtail pinned on the end of the teacher's coat, but finally it was done and he hurried joyfully into the kitchen.

The next scene finds school in session again. All studying hard when the teacher takes off his overcoat and turns to the board to finish the map. Then came a giggle here and a giggle there. He looked around but could find no cause. If he could only have seen himself as others saw him!

No one pretended but all laughed. He became angry and then horrified, for he had caught the drift of the joke. He gave one look at the Carson boys, went to his desk, wrote his resignation as school teacher and applied for the job in a peanut factory. —Riva Williams.

MY MONUMENT

Why should we in a world so base
Seek for ignoble fame,
And sacrifice a noble trace
For a glorious name?
If I can plant within my breast
A lily pure as snow,
And foster it while Care caressed
And fear no worldly foe.
If I can send thru moral air
Its precious influence shed,
And keep it thriving nobly there
While wintry storm-clouds spread.
If I can bear thru summer heat
Without one scar or blight.
And leave it consummate, complete
With pure and spotless white.
I feel that I have reared a shaft
Within the hearts of men,
That will outlast all worthly craft
And shine for angels' ken.

—C. Emory Byers

BE AS YOU SEEM TO BE.

MR. and Mrs. Stateley sat opposite each other in the large living room, each staring at a newspaper with eyes turned back on their thoughts, when Mr. Statley, who was a fat and very pleasant looking man turned to his wife and said, "Mother it don't seem possible that our little Elsie will be ready for High School this very fall, does it?"

"No, it does not," answered the mother, but I do hope she will get her play out this summer. I have let her run wild and wear out all her old clothes, living in hopes we can send her to school next month with clothes more becoming to her age, and she must take on more dignified airs. You know last evening she nearly embarrassed Edith to death when she came in with her hair streaming down in her eyes dragging that old dog and walked directly in front of Mr. Dudly without excusing herself. Dudly's are the best culture too. Oh, that girl is enough to disgrace the entire Statley family."

"Well, well, now don't censor her too harshly, you know she is young and never was of the refined type that Edith was at her age. Don't you remember I caught you tieing a tin can to a dog's tail and whistling like a little jay-bird when you were even a year older than she is?"

Mrs. Statley's face grew a little rosier in perfect harmony with the pink rays of the setting sun which was being filtered through the curtain. She looked up rather shyly and said, "I guess you are right, children will be children."

Just then they heard the "Dragon Fly" stop in front ot the house and their eldest daughter Edith tripped in the door with a long green veil flowing behind her. She looked like a rose, for her face was flushed from riding in the wind.

"Oh, mother, Max and I are going to Meedsville to get his golf stick he left at the club, don't wait dinner on us for we will stop at Mig's for lunch."

She was gone as quickly as she entered and soon they were out of sight. The quietness of the house was almost too long and Mrs. Statley folded up her paper and laid her glasses aside preparing to call a half-hour for her little "tom-boy" as she called Elsie, but Elsie was not far, perhaps not far enough, for she had been curled up in the porch swing pretending to be reading a book, but listening very closely to the conversation that passed between her father and her mother about her. She closed her eyes and sank book and all among the pillows when she heard mother coming out to call her.

"Here she is sound asleep," said Mrs. Statley as she shook her. "What time is it? These beastly hot afternoons make me so sleepy I couldn't keep awake if I knew the president were coming to see me.'

After supper Elsie went up stairs real early and laid across her little bed, looking down over the garden with her eyes filled with tears. She sobbed for her little heart was beating like a base drum. "I just can't act stiff and nice like Edith and they think I am a good for nothing little tom-boy". She fell asleep

thinking how she would try to act and look like Edith so everyone would like her.

The next morning her eyes were all red and swollen and her heart seemed like it weighed a ton. She could not be the same little light-hearted creature as before, for she now began to know what troubles were. That afternoon, Elsie and her mother went to town to replenish her wardrobe so she could start to school. She was bound to dress big and try to be a big girl. When they went into the shoe stores, the clerk looked at her little low-heeled slipper and began to pull down shoes of the same style and size. She looked up at him very beseechingly and said, "I will have to have a size larger for these always did hurt my feet", for she knew that would be in high heels. These were the ones she wanted even though her mother objected, those it had to be. She walked out of the store feeling she had progressed one step, she had high heels anyway. Next they went to a ladies' furnishing store. Mrs. Statley informed the clerk she wanted a navy-blue coat for the girl. She began to pull down all sizes and styles but Elsie was clear enough, she knew that meant wear out some of the last winter dresses. She immediately set out along the aisles to find a suit and finally her dreams came before her eyes, only ten dollars too, just what she wanted, and it was nearly like the one Edith had this spring. So after a lot of promises Mrs. Statley finally gave in to the suit and a big hat to match.

The days rolled along until it was time to start to school. Elsie had heard how they made fun of the Freshies but she did not feel at all frightened about that, for her sister Edith was a senior and would start her in, and another thing, she wouldn't look like a Freshie anyway.

Sunday night she ran off to bed early so she would be sure to get up in time to spend an hour in dolling up so she would look "fetching" and not disgrace the family. She could hear all the boys saying "that is Edith Statley's little sister, if she keeps on she is going to beat her sister." With her heart swimming with this quotation she fell asleep.

The next morning she was up bright and early walking around in her high heeled shoes so she would not appear awkward; she had practiced up on spools before. She stood before the mirror stuffing in hair pins by the dozens to keep her curls up, which were bound to hang down, and that would never do for that meant a hair-ribbon and Edith didn't wear one so Elsie couldn't either with a suit and high heels. After spending about an hour and a half getting on her outfit she descended the stairs with an air of "Look how I have improved" and sat down to the breakfast table with a most unusual face. Every one was sitting there waiting on her as she was late. Edith and Max looked amused and father gave a look of disgust at Mrs. Statley that sounded like, "What did you let her get an outfit like that for." No one said a word.

In a little while Edith and Elsie were walking to school, Elsie making all kinds of gestures and faces trying to keep her big hat on, though even the very wind seemed to have a spite at her. It seemed as though the way was so long for she was not used to walking on stilts and having long skirts winding around her feet. When they finally got there Edith took Elsie to her respective room and then walked out in the hall and began to talk to Dr. Dudly and a couple of

girls. Poor Elsie's feathers fell and her lip began to quiver, no matter how hard she bit it, now she felt quite different than she had expected for two of her girl friends looked at her and whispered something to each other and walked past as though they had never seen her.

That day went by and many others but it was the same thing, no fellows even walked home with her and carried her books like they did Edith's. At the end of the first six weeks Elsie was crazy to get her report for she was sure she would do better than her sister and that would be a mark for her in the eyes of her parents. Instead it was an evil wind. Edith was on the honor roll and Elsie was almost afraid to take her card home. She could not understand this for she worked harder than Edith. She did not know the teachers always graded low at first to get you to work harder. This surely worked on the poor little thing. She would carry every one of her books home and study until she fell asleep with the book and her face stained with tears, while Edith was enjoying herself at some dance or out motoring with Mr. Dudly. Elsie thought she had solved the problem why she did not receive high grades, for naturally no one liked a bone-head, but it was just as if she said, "I don't know" or resented. It was becoming unbearable. She cried herself to sleep every night and felt like a little neglected out-cast. Maybe it was because Edith took some of the girls out riding. Well Saturday mother and father were going to be gone all day and Max and Edith were to be at the club, so that was her chance. She went over to Moores as soon as the folks were out of sight and got Mable and Dorothy to go along joy riding. They turned everything she had seen Max turn, and finally read in a little book that he kept under the seat, how to start and stop, and that was all that was necessary for they would go out in the country. So they did a little ways and were enjoying themselves immensely when there happened to be a mean old tack that acted as their enemy and caused a big "bang". They all filed out with faces as long as yard sticks. What was to be done? She had often heard her father say never to run it in on a flat tire so the only thing to do was to take it off. They all united their efforts but in vain; it wouldn't slip an inch. Just this was going on about four machine loads of High School boys going to the foot ball game passed them, and laughed and made fun. Elsie knew now not only the tire was punctured but her dream of being popular over the machine. She had to send for Max to come after them.

Mr. Stateley was amused and glad it happened for it taught her a lesson, but he had to censure her severely.

Monday Elsie was at the end of her string and thought there was no use to try. She went into the assembly room and there written on the board was "Speech this morning, room eight, every one be there." Elsie gave a long sigh, there was another hour of moralizing to go through to add to her distress already, she thought. When the bell rang she sat down in the back of the room and thought she would sleep until Dr. Smith got his speech out of his system. She sat there like that for about fifteen minutes, absorbed in her own thoughts when he yelled in an unusually loud voice, "Be as you are, don't let anyone steal your personality, that is something God gave you and wants you to keep and don't

steal any one elses." Elsie started and gritted her teeth with a new determination. That evening she went home and playd with the dog, read one of the books her grandmother had given her for Christmas, then retired.

The next morning she came down stairs with her long curls tied with a big red ribbon and a middy and skirt on. Daddy looked up and smiled and said, "Come here kid, you are papa's little Elsie again." When she started to school she put on her old red sweater and tog, whistling a lively little tune.

When she got to the corner of 3rd and Main street there was about a dozen of the High School boys standing talking. They all tipped their hats and she heard one say, "That is Edith Statley's little sister, isn't she a beauty?" This made Elsie's little heart leap and she opened the school door with "I would rather be Elsie Statley than anyone else in the world." None of the girls laughed at her now, but she was one of them all, little happy freshman together. Elsie came to the conclusion that every one's day came some time and that it was best to be just as you are and wait for it. —Mildred Marker.

THE CLASS OF 1919.

Flower: White Rose

When the Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors, pass us on our way.
The Rose of Sympathy like a soothing Song,
Smiles into our lonely hearts since we are Freshman in the fray
This beauteous rose will make us brave,
The Rose of Truth will come to give
A breath of encouragement, through the lanquid hours
Saying we'll be Sophomores, by and by,
And then we'll reign in our palatial towers.
The Rose of Trust will come like a humming bird
Bursting its throat with a brilliant song,
Spreading its leaves o'er the Rose of Truth,
Then singing of trust, we'll be Juniors for a whole year long.
The Rose of Hope in the twilight dim
    Our fair White Rose, be true,
For you will crown us the Seniors of the H. H. S.
So that we may smile on the Freshies, too
But we'll remember our Freshman day
    When it has swiftly passed away.

—By E. S. Schacht.

"On the Campus"

CALENDAR 1916.

SEPTEMBER.

September 28.

School starts. More Freshmen than ever.

September 7.

Having all of our periods in the morning so we can visit the Fair of afternoons.

September 8.

Brother and sister plan carried out by the Sunshine girls was a success. Freshies are getting too much for the teachers.

September 9.

Vacation.

September 13.

School starts in full force after summer vacation. Oh; How nice. Lovely! etc.

September 4.

Changes still being made in programs and things are all confusion itself.

September 15.

In 4-2 English. Wilton Smith is decidedly against the fair sex for he said "Women is the root of all evil."

September 16.

Mr. Byers should get a pedestal to stand on in room 10, when he makes his speeches so that everybody is able to see him.

September 17.

Senior class has organized and they are planning for big times for the coming year. They are striving hard to live up to their motto, "Be as you seem to be", for I guess they wish to make a good impression.

September 20.

Information please! If anybody has time ask Helen Triggs where she got that box she has in the pantry of the Dom. S. kitchen.

September 21.

Mr. Lewis in Room 10. "Lowell Collins, I'll just tell you what you can do. You can get out of here. You're what I would call one of those perpetual talkers."

September 22.

Ray Murray in 4-2 English. I'm not sure about Katy-dids but I know there are frogs this time of year for I heard them the other night.

September 23.

Senn Ruse and Edwin Lucas are sporting their Senior colors. You'll have to ask them where.

September 24.

Speeches on Friday mornings occupy two periods this year. There seems to be no sad feelings for always one period is omitted. Among the talkers was Miss Vera Souers who has recently returned from Detroit where she has been attending school.

September 27.

I guess some of the graduates of last year have decided they do not know so much as they thought they did and have returned to H. H. S. to acquire more knowledge.

September 28.

Miss Gray—I want less talking and more work."

Birdella W.—"Why my tongue works just as fast as my brush."

Goodness! I wonder how Miss Gray keeps her in enough pictures to paint.

September 29.

Mr. Lewis still insists on having ink kept off of the desks in Room 10. My! It's such a bother.

September 30.

Mr. Byers—"Objects are every other color but what they appear to you."

I wonder in what our eyesight will deceive us next.

OCTOBER.

October 1.

Dr. Frost speaks on "Disease Prevention."

Stop! Stop! Read- Our class paper, the Acropolis.

October 2.

Baseball game with North Manchester. Auto parade as usual. Walking is nice but it is so common.

October 4.

Mildred Marker appears in the latest Senior fad, "black shirt and yellow tie."

October 5.

Try the new 1916 Senior Sundaes at the Olympia.

October 6.

Notice to the Domestic Science girls: "Sew and ye shall rip."

October 7.

Advice to the unmarried members of our H. S. "Married troubles never come singly."

October 8.

Riley Day. Program by some of the H. H. S. students.

October 11.

Mr. Byers in 4-2 English. Very solemnly. "Have any of you ever seen a cider-press in the Autumn?" "The class nod in the affirmative."

Mr. Byers—"Well! By George! You know what it is like then.

October 15.

Mr. Davis of Illinois gave a very interesting talk to the assembly.

October 20.

Donald Morse is given permission to sit with Katherine J. How lovely, Eh, Don?

October 21.

Ruth Shideler translating 1-2 Latin. "The birds have flowed away from the land."

October 22.

Mr. Bowers, one of our prominent business men, talked to the H. H. S.

Dorothy E. does not need a jitney bus when she can ride up N. Jefferson street on her father's wagon, now does she?

October 25.

This is sure some "spooky week." Everybody having parties regardless of the ghosts, etc., on the streets at night.

October 27.

The Faculty go to Indianapolis causing the greatest of grief to the pupils. Big Senior party for the H. S. "Some time will be had."

October 28-29.

Great!

NOVEMBER.

November 1

Robert Colburn is kindly asked to leave Room 10 and remain from all of his classes by Mr. Lewis.

November 2.

Ho Hum! All very sleepy from night before. Mr. Tyner tells another thrilling story about Wisdom and how to get it.

November 3.

Conversation in Penmanship:

Little one—"Is that Hornback's wife?"

Junior—Oh no! She is an H. S. student.

November 4.

Mr. Ashman deems it wise to call Rip Roch and a little girl beside him. Now Rip don't mislead the Freshies, especially those innocent little girls.

November 5.

Rev. Smith, pastor of the M. E. church, talks to the H. S. pupils.

Teachers in good humor, sun will probably (?) set in the West.

November 6.

A Senior caught in the act of writing notes to one of our "new teachers." Guess who?

November 7.

The regular 8th period meeting of the 1-1 German classes will be held in Room 10, as usual.

November 8.

Zoe Hart—"Would you like a 1916 Senior Sundae?"

Riva Williams—"I prefer a 1916 Senior, Sunday night?"

November 9.

The first and the last business meeting of the entire Modulus staff was held today. Allan Frost, editor-in-chief, presiding.

November 10.

Mr. Hornback has thrilling experience with the blind (window blind.)

November 11.

The Seniors are all a very happy crowd today. Their rings and pins are here at last.

November 12.

R. M. shows great skill in writing the word, "Acropolis."

Kendrick Grayston tries a thrilling slide for life down a flight of stairs.

November 15.

Mr. Byers again appeals to the students to walk up and down stairs instead of run. I know its awful to run but Mr. Byers, we are so anxious to get to our next class we can not wait to walk.

November 16.

Many prominent H. S. students are out of their classes for a few days. Names must not be published. We've been bribed.

November 17.

Clara Miller wishes to know what nationality she is as her father is a Jew and her husband a Hunkie.

November 18.

Shirley L. for the twenty-eleventh time flirts with certain girls in room 7.

Ask Charles Roush who the guy was that put the salt in the ocean.

November 19.

Mr. Young comes to school attired in a blue suit because he wishes to be appropriately dressed for his talk concerning the "Blue Bird" which he will give to the assembly.

November 22.

Leta Wiles intends to spend her honeymoon in California soon. Party as husband unknown.

November 23.

Tests begin to the delight of (?) the teachers.

November 24.

A Senior who is R. W. a star of the basketball team becomes even more dignified if such could be.

November 25

Tbanksgiving vacation. That's one thing to be thankful for.

November 29.

Riva W. none the worse from her visit in Fort Wayne. That's good.

November 30.

Everybody awaiting the fatal moment of their condemnation by the merciless report.

DECEMBER.

December 1.

Reports out. Some resting better—others not.

December 2.

Red Walknetz keeps a "date book" so as not to get them mixed up for fear war will result.

December 3.

We were honored with the presence of Dr. Carolyn Geisel, a famous member of the Flying Squadron, who spoke strongly against the use of tobacco.

December 6.

Kent Lucas in 1-2 English—"Latest style of trousers to be found at the Gentleman's Clothing Store on West Sycamore tree."

December 7.

Miss Grayston—"Girls be sure and bring your hook and eye for thise fireless cookers."

December 8.

Mr. Lewis certainly did not have the right kind of breakfast this morning for he is dreadfully agitated about something. How I sympathize with the pupils in room 10.

December 9.

Lost. Reputation of a certain Senior, last term too. People who wish to know ask Don Cline. Hint. Date book said to be the cause.

December 10.

Professor Bangs, President of Central College, speaks to the student body.

Fred F. considers himself very prominent among certain young ladies of H. H. S.

December 13.

Fred F. asked to give some of his good (?) jokes before the Queen of—Hearts. No wonder he has trouble getting dates.

December 14.

Sh???? Nothing exciting happened. Very unusual.

December 15.

Clara Miller wants a victrola record of Muggsies tinkling voice.

December 16.

Last day for Santa Claus Letters. Editors of Acropolis simply wild about publishing them.

December 17.

Xmas vacation. Oh! what a relief.

JANUARY.

January 3.
Back to school—every one happy. Nit.

January 4.
Girls athletics organized.

January 5.
Domestic Science girls visit Cooking School.

January 6.
Clara M. starts crocheting. Clara what are you going to do next?

January 7.
Juniors have a Leap Year party. Girls is it hard work? Some of the other more timid ones want to know.

January 10.
Most of the Seniors have decided to go on the stage instead of going to school lately.

Wanted to trade: A "Wink" (Clark) for a smile.

January 11 and 12.
Senior Play "On The Campus." Biggest event of the season.

January 13.
Play a success—talk of town. Oh! Yes!

January 17.
Melodies of Senior play still ringing in the air. Many confess that they are a "Nut."

January 19.
Many prepare to meet their doom of missing so many credits.

January 20.
Oh! What will we do with so many people! This is the usual cry of H. H. S.

January 24.
Ray Murray consents to leave two of his classes on the first day of the new term. Names of the teachers sent to you on request.

January 25.
G. Trixler wants to know the cost of a marriage license. Leap Year Trixy. Ah! Don't you know?

January 26.
Virgie Dowler needs just a little more haste to get in her seat before the bell rings

January 27.
Some wandering Freshies are ushered to Room 10 by one of the thoughtful teachers.

January 28.
Verna Karnes drives a Freshie out of her seat and then discovers it is not hers. Another social blunder, Verna.

January 31.
Ansel C. is quite an (Ancient) History shark although he does use some modern language.

FEBRUARY.

February 1.
Lester and Merle takes a ride in the "Brush." Oh! My!

Mr. Byers informed us that Agnes Booth and Otto Henry makes two. Thanks for the information.

February 2.
Miss Cox—"Helen Triggs, you either sign up for the assembly or get out of here and Edwin L. you stay at home if you don't know how to act." Silence.

February 3.
Bob Grupe while gazing at some recent Sophomore ran into one of the assembly doors.

February 4.
Freshmen dote upon valentines as they all want a box in their rooms. Too bad but you must become more dignified and leave behind you, childhood antics, when you come to H. S.

February 7.
Leap Year editor is elected (by himself) to divide "dates" among the lonesome.

February 8.
R. W. works Charley Chaplin upside down.

February 10.
1-2 Freshmen have their pretties taken.

February 11.
Miss Hanna criticized pronunciation of Helvetei in 2-1 Latin class.

February 14.

Cyril Hilyard's opinion of a lover: "A most ardent lover was he, singing all night."

February 15.

Mr. Byers in 4-1 English—"Birdella W. what kind of a man is a truthful man?——Pause. Now don't you dare tell me you do not know any.

February 16.

Mr. Byers finds it necessary to change seating in 4-1 English. He would not allow any body to sit down until the other one had gotten up. Isn't that strange.

February 17.

Everybody is preparing to eliminate the Rochester team. All is O. K. so far as preparation goes.

February 18.

I guess everybody prepared too much. Rochester did not seem to appreciate it and just took the game, 17-23.

February 21.

Eight period "Hanna Roll" now hangs on door of room 10. Many (on this) reign supreme.

February 22.

George Washington's birthday. All as quiet as his grave.

February 23.

Something to profit by:

"Silence is as deep as Eternity,
Speech is as shallow as Time."

February 24.

Ethel Scheiber gets her dates (with classes) mixed and starts to leave building after third period.

February 25.

Huntington H. S. defeats Washington Center 20-36. That sounds more like H. H. S.

February 28.

Gorman Trixler is trying to make himself more attractive by growing a nice little English mustache. Gorman if you want the girls to fall for you more you had better blacken it so it will be a little more noticeable.

February 29.

Walter Grupe, a brother of the noted Bob, is making quite a hit among certain young ladies.

MARCH.

March 1.

Mike L. makes Mr. Darnell a victim of one of his jokes.

March 2.

Another new rule goes in force, "Every student out of the building at 4:30 p. m. I guess some are so industrious they would stay if not invited to leave.

March 3.

Florence Minton thinks the "world of a smile" from a certain Junior. Wonder who?

March 6.

Ray Murray has some trouble in locating the ink bottle. Never mind Ray, if you turn around a few more times, you'll find it.

March 7.

Shakespeare says "Love is a smoke made with the flame of sighs." Take warning all of you people who are always sighing and don't do it so much or look where you will land.

March 8.

Reports out. Everybody on the Honor Roll—Nit.

March 9.

A certain "little girl" proved herself very skillful with a crochet hook. Who? Guess.

March 10.

We are honored with another of our Friday morning speeches. Mr. and Mrs. Connor entertained us with many beautiful selections.

March 13.

Mary Furste had quite an adventure with the ink bottle; by spilling half of the ink.

March 14.

Red pencils everywhere. Oh! Horrors! What will Jake think of next.

March 15.

Advice to the maidens of H. H. S. "Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate their wives."

March 16.

Some students are getting very industrious. It must be because they receive a "P" or "P-" on their report. If you want to know just how smart you are, look at your report.

March 17.

Freshies, here's your chance to wear your favorite color, without comment. Take advantage of it for never fear even some of the Seniors will have green on this day.

March 20.

Mr. Darnell mussed Warren Cook's hair for him by gently pulling it after getting a secure grip in the thickest part.

March 21.

Miss Grayston—Sh! Girls! The bell has ringed.

March 20.

Carl Hullinger is pestering around.

March 23.

All education consists in seeing differences where the other fellow sees only uniformity.

March 24.

Everybody tired from such hard work.

March 27.

Girls in 2-2 Domestic Science always have wonderful things to talk about on Monday morning. Wonder why!

March 28.

Vona and Bill are certainly together. Oh! My!

March 29.

This is a dull school. Nothing funny said.

APRIL.

April 3.

Nobody had a chance to be fooled for April 1 came on Saturday.

April 14.

Honeywell party entertained us. Very fine entertainment.

April 21.

Every one excited. Why? Nothing happened to put in the Modulus.

April 24.

Celebrated in honor of Shakespeare. Several students performed.

April 28.

Allan Frost is running opposition to the porter at the O. K. barber shop by wearing a canary colored shirt and a rainbow tie.

MAY.

May 1.

May Day. I wonder how many little girls and boys got May baskets this morning?

May 2.

Everybody working at the Court House. Beginning of an exhibit.

May 3.

Oh! You Circus Day. Won't it be nice if we get out.

May 4.

Speech! Dr. King talks to the assembly. He says "No girl is good looking with crooked teeth." Girls get busy if you want to have the fatal gift of beauty.

May 5.

Alumni track meet.

May 12.

Seniors are all happy. They are out of school for good.

May 13.

Track meet at Wabash.

May 14.

Baccalaureate sermon for Seniors.

May 17.

Junior-Senior reception.

May 18.

Circus day again.

May 19.

Commencement.

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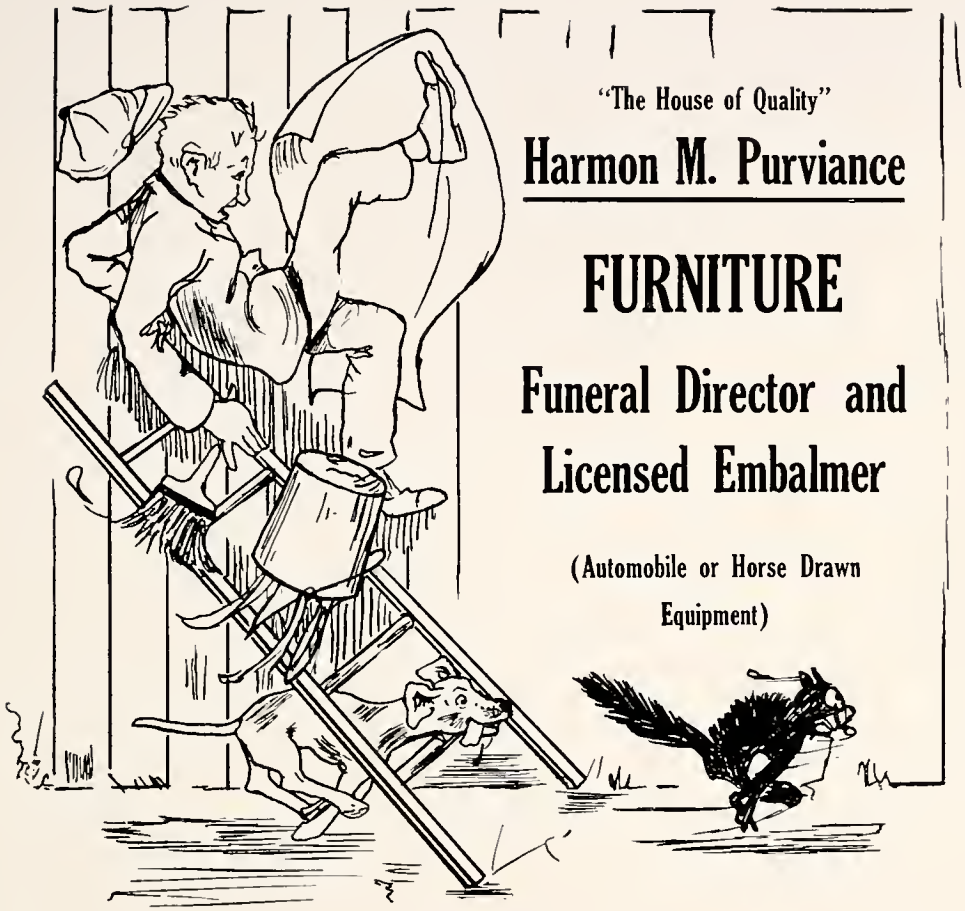

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JOKES

J. P. Y. (discussing photography)—How many in the class print and develop your own pictures? (no hands). Don't you know you lose half of the pleasure?

Marion Stonebraker—Half of the pictures, too.

Mr. Byers—Do you think a girl should learn to love before twenty?

Gorman Trixler—Nope! Too large an audience.

Birdella Witham—You don't think I'm stingy, do you?

Calvin Koch—Well, I do think you are a little close, at times.

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

Miss Franklin—Decline das Herr.

Marguerite Walters—I do.

Miss Franklin—Do what?

Marguerite—Decline.

Mrs. Templeton—Bisect that line.

Ferris Creager—Where do you want me to bisect it?

Mr. Ashman (hearing a noise in the laboratory)—Ray! Ray! What are you doing? Don't make so much noise

Ray Murray—Well you see it says here. "Excite a glass rod to produce electricity", and I've been trying to get this thing excited.

Mr Ashman—Are you a student here?

Fred Falck—Naw! I'm in on a life sentence.

Miss Altman—What does L'Allegro and Il Penseroso represent?

Katy Grayston—Happy Hooligan and Gloomy Gus.

Clara Miller—Mr. Byers I'm indebted to you for all I know in Literature.

Mr. Byers—Don't mention it. It is just a mere trifle.

Mr. Hornback (at end of period)—This is the worst recitation I ever heard. I've made it nearly all myself.

Virgie had a little tongue,
No praise am I bestowing
For everywhere that Virgie goes
Her tongue is ceaseless going.

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

Carl Shutt—If I stand on my head all the blood rushes to it, doesn't it?

Miss Altman—Yes.

Carl—Then why doesn't the blood rush to my feet?

Miss Altman—Your feet aren't empty.

Marie Horrell—Did you know that sheep were the most stupid things in the world?

Howard Kacy—Yes, my lamb.

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

Louise Satterthwaite—Are you dancing with me?

Meredith McIlvaine—Yes.

Louise—Then put your arm around me.

Miss Hanna—I wish you would pay a little attention to what I say.

Ansel Conarty—I am; just as little as possible.

Louise Sattherwaite—I've got a date to a dance, but have not the least idea what I shall go in. What would you wear if you had my complexion?

Edna Lambert—A thick veil.

Emery Aldridge—I had a close shave down town today.

John Hilderbrand—Gee! What happened?

Emery—I needed it.

Miss Grayston (in Domestic Science)—I thought I told you to notice when the soup boiled over.

Bessie Myers—I did, it was exactly 10:24 a. m.

Mr. Tyner—Kendrick what is this '60' on your report?

Kendrick Grayston—I think that's the temperature of the school room.

Showman—Quick, take this rifle!

Coign Miller (at the circus)—What for?

Showman—A leopard has escaped; shoot him on the spot!

Coign (excited)—Which sp-spot?

Mr. Byers—A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Virginia Dowler—I suppose that is why so many of us flunk.

Ed Lucas—Let's sing the song without the music.

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

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"Little Women"—Freshmen girls.

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"The Seats of the Mighty"—Our Faculty.

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"And Old Fashioned Girl."—Ida Plasterer.

"The Slim Princess." — Esther Wheeler.

"The Ne'er-Do-Well."—Howard Zinn.

"The Feminist."—Ansil C.

"Freckles."—"Dunk" Collins.

"Self-raised."—Wilton Smith.

"Little Minister."—Orson Broughton.

"Paradise Lost."—Vacation.

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"The Man of the Hour."—Mr. Darnell.

"Strongheart."—Senn Ruse.

"The Light That Failed."—Moon light.

"Tempest and Sunshine"—Gladys Broughton and Madge Whiteside.

"Bought and Paid For."—This "Modulus."

(Dedicated to our last ex-assistant principal.)

What a friend we have in Lewis,
All our tales of woe to bear,
When we're peeved and very angry
Encumbered with a load of care.
When our friends despised forsake us,
We will all our troubles share
And suggest some bright idea
So "We should worry", "we should care."

Mr. Tyner in American History—"Verna what do you think of the character of John Adams?"

V. K.—"Why, I haven't anything against him."

A freshman walking thru the lower hall knocked down a sign for the Senior play and was standing on it.

Gorman T. was tripping gayly along when he noticed the little one standing on the sign and "whispering" kindly to him, said, "Look out you're on the Campus!"

Magdalena Smith (sniffling)—What's that odor I smell?

Fred Strodel—That's fertilizer.

Magdalena (surprised) — For the land sake.

Fred—Yes ma'am.

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The Sophomores saw a patch of green
They tho't it was the Freshmen class;
But when they closer to it drew,
They saw it was a looking glass.

Robert Myers—"Want to buy two quarter tickets?"
Hayden Tobias—"What for? Senior play?"
Robert—"No; for fifty cents."

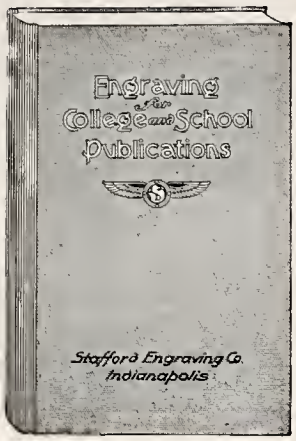
ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

Lester Eberhart—Here's a picture of my brother, he is quite an athlete.
Marie Draper—What does he do?
Lester—Oh; I think he sings first base on the football crew.

Ralph Gibler—What is an octapus (s)?
Mr. Ashman—It's a devil fish.
Ralph—Oh! I thot it was an eight-sided cat.

Mrs. Templeton—What would 30 head of horses cost at $90 per head.
Bruce Reed—How many horses in a head?

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7



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Calvin Koch—"This electro-magnet was not made in U. S. it was made in 4-2 Physics."

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Asa Kreigbaum (In Physics)—If we get enough spark will we get thunder?

B. W.—Flossie, is yours forever?" "How do we know?"

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THE FACULTY.

Oh could I go to operas
To see the players play
I'm sure I'd see the faculty
A-gazing down my way.

O could I on my couch recline
To dream of how I'd shirk.
I'm sure I'd dream the faculty
Were taking me to work.

O could I wish that I were home
When failures make me blue
I'm sure I'd feel the faculty
Were wishing of it too.

O could I never shirk my task
Could I my race well run,
I'm sure I'd hear the faculty
A telling me "Well done."

Why does Fred Strodel carry scissors everywhere he goes?

These names exhaust the type:

Aaron Biehl.
Orson Broughton.
Artista Diffendorfer.
Balthaser Eisenhauer.
Arline Kirkendall.
Adda Hornaday.
George Miltonberger.
Louise Satterthwaite.
Henry Gunzenhuser.
Solomon Bronstein.
Eiffel Plasterer.
Bessie Branstrater.
Vernon Fowerbaugh.
Geraldine Auker.
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Riva W.—Its a great pity fellows won't arrange their visits on the short and sweet plan.

Ina Walker—How's that?

Riva—Go home early and have a box of candy.

4-2 English Teacher — Hazelnuts don't grow abundantly around the state, but you can buy them in town with all the mixed nuts.

"Oh," said Ferris romantically—

"See the little cloudlet,
In the azure skylet,
Skipping like a birdlet
Skimming o'er the lea!

"An" answered his freshman brother disgustedly, "you go out in the back yardlet, behind the barnlet, and soak your headlet under the pumplet.

Mr. Darnell—What kind of light does the moon give.

Louise Satterthwaite—Moonlight.

Erma Ditzler—Have you any proof the English are crazy?

Kaiser Fritz—Why, haven't you heard about the German's shelling them?

Lawrence Triggs—Do you know what a polygon is?

Kent Lucas—No, what is it?

Lawrence—A dead parrot.

Geraldine Auker—Are the principal parts of like "like, liker, likest?"

Helen Thomas—Well you can say liker, I like 'er better than him.

Philip Rudig—Who was Skylock?

Ray Murray—Shame on you! Go study your Bible.

Mr. Crum—"I thought there were nobody in here but Juniors and Seniors but I thought I heard a Freshman."

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New buildings and equipment. An able faculty. Expenses moderate. A delightful summer home for teachers. For catalogue address,

OTHO WINGER, Pres.

North Manchester, Ind.

Gladys Broughton—"Ray Murray amuses me."

Paul Mark—"Yes they keep him here for amusement.

Fred Falck—How long can a person live without brains?

Ruth Schwartz—I don't know, how old are you?

Russell Newell—There's something preying on my head.

Wallace Patterson—Never mind it will soon starve.

Claribel had a fountain pen
A birthday gift, I think
And everywhere that Claribel went
That pen was dribbling ink.
It followed her to bed one night,
It dribbled on with vigor,
And Claribell woke at morning light,
And found herself a niggar.

Dwight Anderson—"Did you go to church last night?"

Justice Smith—"No, I slept at home."

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Jeweler

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Compliments of

C. K. LUKAS

Att'y. at Law

Compliments of

Dr. R. F. Frost

Office 350 N. Jeff. St.

NEUR & EISENHAUR

The Home of Good

SHOES

Edith Van Antwerp baked an angel cake
For her darling Harolds' sake;
Harold ate it, every crumb;
Then he heard the angels drum
Calling softly—"Harold come!
Tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum."

Aaron Biehl—They claim that the human body contains sulphur.

Neil Carey—In what amount?

Aaron—In, varying quantities.

Neil—Well that may account for some girls making better matches than others.

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PRESSING
REPAIRING
DYEING

The rapid growth of our business proves that we are giving the public the highest QUALITY service.

We welcome investigation of our methods.

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Quality Cleaners and Dyers

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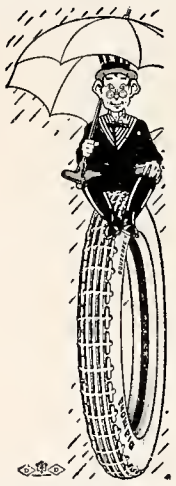

VELVET RUBBER
DIAMOND TIRES

These new tires with Black Squeegee Tread and Red Side Walls, as announced to the motoring public in the big weeklies of national circulation, are now sold right here in the City of Huntington, ready for delivery at any time at the YASTE GARAGE, 237 E. Matilda St. These tires have actually set a new standard in tire values, because they have prove GOOD in every respect. They have the reputation of being the most effective ground-gripping tread on the market. They are also valued because they give more mileage and have quality as well as elasticity. They give the motorist pleasure when riding on them and also save him money. We cordially invite all motorists to come in and see these new tires whether or not you want tires right now.

Diamond Squeegee Non-skid Tires sold delivered by

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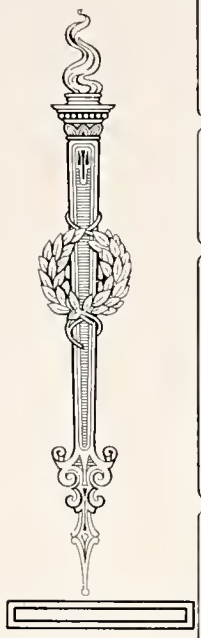

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Dentist

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Miss Franklin (to class studying Das Edle Blut)—Claribel how do you like the boys?

Claribel (blushing)—Why er-er I don't know I can't tell.

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

Merle Kindy sat in a corner
Eating limburger cheese
Long came Mildred Hoch
And sat down beside him
And frightened poor Merle away.

H. C.—"Have you got any jokes for the Medulus?"

B. V.—"Myself."

"What are ome of the things in heaven and earth that are more than those dream't of in our philolophy?"

Answer.—"Mr. Byers."

"Mr. Tyner."

"Mr. Young."

Overheard one day by one who sent somebody from room 14. "I with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love will sweep to my revenge. We couldn't find out the outcome of it or what was even the cause of the remark.

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

Magdalena—"Mary will you draw me a bunsen burner?"

Mary H.—"There is one on your stencil."

M. S.—"Oh, I thought that was a monkey wrench."

Helen Beck—"Lulu Bonebrake is going to be a Domestic Science teacher."

Robert Greenman—"I thought so by the flour she uses.

Anna Murial—"Did you notice Gorman Trixler combination?"

Margaret K.—"No, what?"

Anna Muriel—"He has on a pea green shirt and a plum blue tie."

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

Les Lesh in history said that the crown Prince one day asked the Kaiser if, after they had conquered the Russians, licked the English and conquered all of Europe, they wouldn't come over and conquer America. The Kaiser jumped up and knocked the prince down.

Freshie—"I think that Junior (?) play was just swell."

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

Here lies a man who did no good
And if he'd lived he never would;
Where he's gone and how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

Shots must fly
Shells must burst!
At home stay I,
Safety first.

WINONA COLLEGE SUMMER SCHOOL

FACULTY—enlarged and strengthened.

COURSES OF STUDY greatly extended.

EXPENSES considerably reduced.

SUMMER TERM announcement now ready.

WINONA CHAUTAUQUA tickets good for seven weeks of exceptionally fine entertainments free to all 1916 Summer Term students on condition made known on request.

DEPARTMENTS—Liberal Arts, Normal Primary, Agriculture, Industrial Arts, Domestic Science, Music, Art, Business, Preparatory.

EXPENSES for 12 weeks, board room, light, tuition, matriculation and incidentals, only $48.50 on condition named in our announcement.

SUMMER TERM May 29 to Aug 18.

MID-SUMMER TERM of 6 weeks, July 10 to August 18.

Fully Accredited for Classes A, B and C.

FALL TERM opens September 18.

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Now is the Time, Young Man

to start a policy in the grand, old NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE, THE policy company holders' company of America. Older men and successful men universally say to us, "Would that I had been wise enough to start my insurance early in life."

That company is best which does the most for its policy holders---THE NORTHWESTERN!

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Defiance, Ohio

A high grade institution, moderate rates and a select student body. Organized in 1902 with 33 students Annual enrollment for 1911-1912, nearly 500.

DEPARTMENTS

Collegiate, Domestic Science, Engineering, Academic, Teacher's, Commercial, Art and Elocution.

PLANT

Five splendid buildings, thoroughly equipped, with all modern conveniences; newly furnished literary society halls; new laboratories, with excellent facilities, commodious and attractive Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. halls; a well arranged and selected working library; beautiful campus of 28 acres; men's athletic field, women's playground; men's gymnasium; women's gymnasium with up-to-date apparatus.

EXPENSES

Board, $2.25 per week; room rent, from 75c to $1.00 per week, including light and heat; and regular tuition and incidentals: first, semester, $32.50; full year of nine months, $65.00.

LOCATION

One hour from Toledo and Fort Wayne on the Wabash R. R.; one hour from Lima on the Ohio Electric; and five hours from Chicago and Cleveland on the B. & O.

CALENDAR

First semester opens September 18th; second semester, Feb. 5th.

For Information, Address
P. W. McREYNOLD'S, Pres.

Extract from a paper on Hamlet, written by Rachael Wilhite, "Ophelia became insane from love of Hamlet and at an unbalanced moment fell into the creek and was drowned."

Lex Lesh said that if Napoleon had started to conquer England when he was fresh he would have succeeded.

When my winks in vain were wunk,
When any last stray thoughts are thunk,
Who saves me from a shameless flunk?

—My Pony!

6

Barbers

6

O. K. BARBER SHOP

No Waiting

GRANT BONEBRAKE,

Proprietor

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Dick's

Pinch Back Suits Deserve Your Attention

$13.75, $17, $25

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Painless Extraction
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FRASH'S

Newest Suits, Coats, Skirts, Dresses and Waists. New arrivals by each express from the world's best makers. All priced less than equal qualities in other stores.

FRASH'S

Ralph Hoover (in Chemistry)—I can't read this morning, Professor, I brought the wrong page.

I've often heard of a turkey buzzard, but only one Ideene Buzzard.

Jake Young—Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

Mary Furste—What is the papacy? The pope's wife?

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

MADE IN HUNTINGTON

GAME OF SUNZUP
TRADE MARK PATENTED
LET ME SHINE IN YOUR HOME
THRILLING EDUCATIONAL
TELL THE TIME OF DAY BY LOOKING AT THE SUN
MFGD ONLY BY
THE TELBAX CO.

Lumber
and
Mill Work

CEMENT,
PLASTER,
ROOFINGS,
WALL BOARD

Home Lumber Co.
Phone 6 317 E. State St.

John Hildebrand—"Oh do look at Edna De Moss, isn't she sweet."

Georgiana Guthler—(to Hale Little) —"Awe you got chicken lips."

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

A Glee Club is not necessarily full of glee.

Wanted—A Perfect Man.
(Signed) Mary Kindler.

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

Reid Clark—Where is some foolscap?

Wm. Schacht—There is your hat hanging on that hook.

Robert Greenman—Can you lend me $5 for a week, old man?
Paul Griffith—Yes; where is the weak old man?

Mary Kindler—"Wie kommat dn hier?"
James McClanaham—"Nobody. I comb it myself."

"If you wish to be moderate in your language will Ham-let you?

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

JAKE YOUNG

Our Jakie now has left us;
We ne'er shall see him more
What Jakie took for H2 O,
Proved H2 SO4.
(Jake wouldn't give us an ad. Take warning.)

Will Your New Car

Bear This Name-plate?

If so, you will enjoy the greatest satisfaction in knowing that you have invested your money to the very best advantage—that you have secured the very limit of value in this price class.

Furthermore, you will feel that serene security that comes only from knowing that your car is backed by a vast service-system second to none in the world.

Do you think of these things?

A. Wasmuth & Sons Co.

Lee Kahn

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The Piano that pleases piano Teachers best is the—

Silver Toned Ellington

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COAL

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The swinging doors remind certain people so much of something (?) that they forget themselves and rush through them up to the front desks and call for their order "Virginia Dare." Bad practice but it's so real!

Miss Cox—"Grace you discuss the Rise (pronounce rice) of Austria."
Grace Carr—"I didn't see anything about the rice growing in Austria."

Emmet Heiney—"I want my hair cut."
Barber—"Any special way?"
Emmet—"Yes, off."

Verna Karnes—"You just can see railroad written all over Ed."
Magdelena—"Yes, you can even see the ties around his neck."

Little oval goose eggs.
Little E's so rare,
Make a student awfully sick
Make him almost swear.

Andrew Rouch—The five senses are sneezing, sobbing, crying, yawning, coughing. The sixth sense is an extra one which some folks have. That is snoring.

Senn Ruse—When I graduate I will step in a position of $200,000f100 per.
Edgar Reed—Per what?
Senn—Perhaps.

Forrest C—Why is a bottle of olives like kisses from girls?
Carlos Taylor—I don't know how?
Forrest—After the first one the rest comes easy.

Alvin Sands—What is your ear for?
Andrew Roush—To keep my head from falling thru my collars.

Mr. Byers—What you going to write your oration on?
Walter Skinner—This paper.

Charles Minton—Did you ever hear the story about the trap?
Paul Griffith—No, what is it?
Charles—Spring it.

Verna K.—"I can rig up light can't I Ray?"
Ray Murray—"Uh-huh. Make 'em burn out.

Arthur Cook (in Chemisttry Lab.) "Give me some of that H2 O." Bang Crash went a tube.
Art—"What was that H2 O?"

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

—FOR—
PERFUMES
AND
Toilet Goods
—GO TO—
Carr's Drug Store
(The Blue Front)
Phone : : : : : : : 205

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Hot?

Order some of our delicious ice cream—the best on earth. It will cool you off.

Collins Ice Cream Co.
Phone 307.

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

Ed. Strodel
For Good Things to Eat
Phone 136

Clothes Tailored by
PERRY & ZAHN
Will Please
We Also Make Old Clothes New
Phone 809
16 South Jefferson St.

Miss Caley—Leslie you should chew gum only in your boudoir.

Leslie Brock (chewing gum vigorously)—I most generally chew it in my mouth.

Don Pens was seated in Lamont's parlor,
And he said unto the light,
Either you or I, old man,
Will be turned down tonight.

Senior—Hello, Flannel.

Freshie—Why do you call him Flannel?

Senior—Because he shrinks from washing.

Georgiana Guether—Why doesn't Tubby' Doudna get into his seat?

Tony Sparks—He forgot his talcum powder and shoe horn.

Ashman—When a liquid stands still in a vessel it does not flow.

It is a cheaper thing to buy a chicken for dinner than to buy a chicken a dinner.

A kiss is a lip-a-tickle.

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

NORTH SIDE BAKERY
When You say
FISHER & SEILER
you are positive you are getting the best
PHONE 143

We laugh at all the teachers' jokes
No matter what they be;
Not because they're funny ones,
But 'cause it's policy.

A LETTER FROM LOUIE

Deer Kuzin Augost:

Dot I vill now take pen in my hand und let you know wat yure deer unkel is ded. If he vould have leeved till Kristmas he vould be chust siks months ded. After yure deer unkel vas ded, de dokters gift up all hopes of saving hees life. You are the only leeving relatif besides to kuzins vot vas killed by der Filipeens.

Dee reezon I vas not rite sooner is bekaus ve don't leeve vere ve did; ve moofed vere ve are. If you vas not git dis ledder led me know und I will written you anudder von.

Hans Veenervort Von Arcadia.

P. S. Excuse me—Please don't open dis ledder; der is sad news in it.

FOR SALE—CHEAP

POST HOLES

THE KAISER OF GERMANY

Will Sell on

AUGUST 15, 1921,

TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

ALL ALLIED TRENCHES
FOR POST HOLES

If the War Is Over.

NEW PHYSICS LAW

Discovered by Prof. Ashman.

The deportment of a pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from his teacher.

The Freshman stood on the burning deck
But as far as he could learn,
He stood in perfect safety
'Cause he was too green to burn.

Asa K.—"The more you take away from a hole the bigger it gets."

Furniture, Rugs, Victrolas

We can show you the best selected stock in the county. Cannot take the space to tell you of all the new things that we have. Will be pleased to have you come and see for yourself.

M. B. Stults Company

As the train neared the city the colored porter approached Walter Braselton saying with a smile:

"Shall ah brush you off, sah?"

"No," he replied, "I prefer to get off in the usual manner."

J. P. Y.—Did you know that turning down the gas saves matches?

Lynn Wygant—No, but turning off the electric light often makes matches.

Lawrence Triggs—Gee, I had an awful fright last night.

Robert Myers—Yes, I saw you with her.

Mr. Lewis—Have you the problem yet?

Fred B—Yes, Sir!

Mr. Lewis—Explain it.

Fred—Wait till I finish it.

ARNOLD'S 'PHONE 7

In a conspicuous place in the dining room of Dills home was the inscription "Ici on parle Francois."

Marion Deeds — Do you speak French?

Howard Dill—No Sid U. S. A. is good enough for me.

Marion—Why do you have that inscription on the wall then? That means "French is spoken here."

Howard (excited)—You don't mean it. Why I bought that for "God bless our home."

Marvel Culp—Did you ever take chloromorm?

Mary McFarland—No, who teaches it.

Howard Cox—Give me a quotation from Shakespeare.

Cyril Hilyard—"How green you are and fresh?"

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Sweet and Clean

By Installing a

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"The Only Sanitary Way"

MADE AT HOME

The Majestic Company

A Dissirtation in Rythmatation.
Dedication, Congregation.

We, the present aggregation,
In our common situation
Extend to you an invitation
To attend our graduation.

Thru many a toil and tribulation
To our ultimate destination
We have had no hesitation
Nor indulged in dissipation
And have made no imitation
Of the faults of this, our nation
But have taken one place and station,
Against the awful continuation
Who by evil characterization
Tear to shreds our reputation.
And with many a refutation
We reverse their confirmation
By our friendly corrobation.
There has been a superstitition
(This we offer opposition).
That our only aim and mission
Is enjoying our position.
This we wish to abrogate
By taking care to state
That a Senior must keep working or he's sure to
gravitate
And sometimes we get a date,
Then our hopes to aviate
But we wish to antedate
Because rumors make confirmation
Mr. Byers assignation
In our English recitation
He has caused to elongate.

Then we burn the midnight oil
As we work—and sweat—and toil
And our temper seems to boil
But we think with resignation
Of this awful assignation
For we know that graduation
Soon will change our situation
And our only inclination
Is to make no prolongation,
Of work on this, our recitation
To you. This our dedication.

—Donald B. Russell.

THE RESULT

JUDGMENT DAY
JUDGE TO THE ONE ON THE LEFT: WHAT HAVE YOU ACCOMPLISHED?
HE, NOTHING.
JUDGE, THEN YOU HAVE WASTED YOUR LIFE. YOU DESERVE PUNISHMENT.
JUDGE TO THE ONE ON THE RIGHT:
I SEE YOU HAVE MADE GOOD USE OF YOUR LIFE — YOU HAVE ACCOMPLISHED EVERYTHING THAT IS WORTH WHILE.
KNOWLEDGE
ALL ACCOMPLISHMENTS
LARGE AND SMALL
THE JUDGE
WIRELESS

No one receives any more than he pays for.

FINIS

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